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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Vote for "Abe" Lincoln

By William Marion Reedy

RACE-SEGREGATION is a bunco game. It won't stop the depreciation of realty values here, for the biggest slump in such values has been in regions where the negroes have never settled. Race segregation condemns some property to be negro property forever, since white men cannot go there. It will keep whites in squalid quarters where no negro may live. Poor blacks and poor whites will be alike robbed in high rents in the only regions open to them. Separating the races by law will make race hatred worse. Segregation will hurt St. Louis in the business section of the country as the James Boys' banditry kept capital out of this state for years. Segregation will multiply rather than diminish the pox of for rent signs in this town. Segregation will hold up no values but the values in the black ghettos for white landlords. Segregation will affect St. Louis as the Leo Frank execution affected Georgia. Over and above all these considerations, think of the infamy of denying a man a right to live on the fruits of his own labor wherever he behaves himself. Think of herding a whole race within a few pens because some crafty black man buys a home in some nice white neighborhood from some measly white man who wants to blackmail his neighbors into buying out the black man. Think of what the Civil War was fought for and then see segregation for what it is—a step backward towards a reinstitution of a servile status for 50,000 people, black it is true, but mostly decent. If we can segregate a people because they are black, we can do it because they are poor. If we deny the negroes' rights we jeopardize our own; we impugn all rights. If there's anything in democracy or in Christianity, separating people is the wrong thing to do with people. The right thing is to bring them together in understanding. The negro depreciates very little property. It is deteriorated before he comes to it. He's the live-saver for property on its last legs. Shall we throw the negro back to a semi-servile status solely to make a few dollars for a few real estate owners? For segregation will not be a general benefit. It will damn the city in those sections whence money and business and population come. Why, oh people of St. Louis, can you not see that next Tuesday will afford an opportunity to do what you've said many a time you were sorry you had not been able to do—to go to the polls and vote for the spirit of Abraham Lincoln by casting a ballot against segregation? Such a role would be a vote for Thomas Jefferson, too, because he did not believe in slavery or in class distinction or caste based on color or creed or wealth. St. Louis must not vote against any human being's right to live and enjoy the product of his toil. If St. Louis does say so, some day later St. Louis will ostracise other men and women for being poor, for remember, after all, the black man's real offense is not his blackness but his poverty. Every Democrat, every Republican, every Socialist should vote against segregation. So should every Christian. For Jesus Christ died for black men, too. Folk whom the Saviour died for, St. Louis should be able to live with *sans* fear and *sans* hatred.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Mr. Yost's Patience Worth Book

READERS of THE MIRROR who have been writing to inquire when Patience Worth's work would appear in book form are here notified that the book written about her by Mr. Casper S. Yost, editor of the *Globe-Democrat*, is now published by Henry Holt & Co., New York, and may be had of any bookseller at \$1.40. It is a volume of clear, large type on a well proportioned page. The contents are thoroughly indexed. The title of the book is "Patience Worth; a Psychic Mystery."

I have written much about the Patience Worth phenomena; so much that there is little to add now. Mr. Yost here tells the story of Mrs. John H. Curran's psychic experiences in the development and presentation of the Patience Worth personality. He does this with admirable clearness, and as his story proceeds he illustrates it with examples of the writings of Patience Worth, beautiful, tender, humorous, imaginative, wise. The result is an anthology of selections from her words and works which shows the essence of her message in its literary aspects. The burden of the message is love—a love of all nature, of all men. In verse, in parable, in drama, in story she drives home this message. Mr. Yost's writing is the thread upon which the jewels of Patience are strung. He explains archaic words and phrases and interprets the passages that are cryptic. The writings are edited with marvelously meticulous care for the clearing up of the slightest obscurities. The result is a fascinating story with charming lyric and dramatic and comedic interludes. None of her passages in dialectic with me are included but her doctrine is adequately developed without them.

This book shows in Patience Worth a consistency of character in every form of expression. It is a character with an aura of otherwhereness. You get the sense at once of reality and unmateriality. The life of this intelligence is the life of a poet keen for the beauty and pity of the world. The expression is of literary force, sweep, fineness, delicacy. The works are works of creation—their literary value is indisputable. They are original; that is to say they are the reaction of a clearly defined personality to the world of reality. They are like no other writings in the world. They are as wonderful to the well-read person as to the less literate. In Mr. Yost's book her greater works, a play and two novels, do not appear but they are briefly described in terms of admiration which I second most heartily.

As for the absence of all deceit and trickery in the production of the Patience Worth writings, I am willing to stake my head upon the honesty of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Curran. Neither of them, nor anyone in any way associated with them, could write the things that come from Patience over the ouija board. No living writer could simulate such a style, nor, more than that, such a quality and turn of thought as these writings reveal. Style and thought are the same in variation through the 500,000 words of the works that I have read. Patience Worth is a

personality, strongly individualized, and that personality is the personality of a rare, beautiful, loving genius. If my own experiences with the communications of this personality had not so convinced me, Mr. Yost's narrative would. It is a thrilling story of a spiritual adventure. I accept the Patience Worth personality as a fact. I say her work is of the substance of genius. But I do not believe that Patience Worth is one of what we call the dead.

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Lazarus, Come Forth!

IN the great days of the *Globe-Democrat*, under Joseph B. McCullagh and Capt. Henry King, would that paper have gone so long without a word against race-segregation in this city? No. Has the *Globe-Democrat* thrown over its traditions? Has it scrapped the principles of human freedom, forgot the sanctity of human rights—all for a little real estate advertising? By the old *Democrat's* friendship for Lincoln, by the memory of Little Mac's devotion to Grant, we appeal to its better, finer nature for one blast upon its bugle horn against the segregation infamy.

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Republican Indications

If you ask me the outstanding indication as to the Republican nomination, I must say that it looks as if Supreme Justice Hughes will be put up in the convention with the Roosevelt strength behind him and that events will determine whether the Roosevelt strength shall nominate Hughes or the Hughes strength nominate Roosevelt. The bugaboo of the Rooseveltians is "the German vote." But for that, nothing could prevent his nomination. All signs are that, if he has a second choice, it is Justice Hughes.

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Morsels of Capital Gossip.

MR. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD is "stalking" President Wilson. Allan Benson, in an article on "The Politics of Preparedness" in the current *Pearson's*, quotes Mr. Villard very definitely: "At a meeting held in Washington in January, 1916, of the Anti-Preparedness Committee, of which I am a member, Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, publisher of the *New York Evening Post* and grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, made the following statement: 'Colonel House told me that the Wilson Defense Program was put up to be knocked down.' The Colonel House to whom Mr. Villard referred is Colonel E. M. House, closest friend of the President, and now abroad under his orders upon a secret diplomatic mission." In last week's issue of the *New York Nation*, Mr. Villard says, under his own name, "There is a well-founded rumor afloat in congressional circles as to the existence of a letter which goes far towards reversing his (Wilson's) position in the matter of a protective tariff." This thing of the President "changing his mind" is getting to be serious. It is so remarkable that one would be justified in hoping that while the President is changing his mind he will get a good one, that will stay fixed. For he's changed his mind as to Mr. Bryan, as to the presidential primary, as to the single term for the president, as to the need of a tariff board, as to preparedness from a very mild form thereof to a demand for a navy "incomparably greater than any other." That statement about Col. House is startling but it aligns with the peculiar shiftiness that apparently has come over the President's policies with the approach of the campaign for

renomination and election. Which reminds me that I saw a little seven-line cablegram in the *New York Sun* the other day saying that some unnamed friend of Col. House, who met him in Switzerland, said that Col. House told him that he had learned in Berlin that the financial powers of Germany realize that country cannot win the war, and are exerting themselves for an early peace. I don't believe Col. House told anyone any such thing. I can't believe Col. House said the defense programme was put up to be knocked down. It sounds too much like what Col. Bryan is said to have told the Austrian ambassador about the first *Lusitania* note—that it would not amount to anything, that it was written for home consumption.

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What Two Men Did

ALL the St. Louis papers here had jubilant editorials on the action of the citizens of St. Louis County who recently voted by a majority of six to one for a \$3,000,000 bond issue to build good roads there. Now the citizens of St. Louis County did nobly. No one denies that. But when the project was first broached it looked like a total loss and that's what it would have been if there had not been genius and energy in organization behind it. The fight was organized and led by two men. They furnished the arguments and secured the money and worked among the voters night and day for three weeks. Those men were Mr. Edward M. Flesh, president of the Automobile Club of St. Louis, and Mr. Harry B. Hawes. They had every member of the county's population polled. They had every point of opposition completely covered and thoroughly demolished. They got the farmers and the men in the county's incorporated towns to the polls. But for organization the proposal would have been defeated by as big a vote as that by which it was finally adopted. The best of civic movements often fail for lack of intelligence and efficiency in organization. Mr. Flesh and Mr. Hawes should each have a fine new bridge in St. Louis County named after him. Not that they did all the work, but they were the directing generals. But for them property values in the county would not be so much higher to-day than they were on February 15th.

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Mr. Francis to Petrograd

ANNOUNCEMENT that President Wilson will appoint David R. Francis, of Missouri, to the Ambassadorship at Petrograd cannot but be regarded as good news to the Democrats of the United States, and especially to the faithful in Missouri. Mr. Francis is decidedly and emphatically a Democrat of national proportions. He has been Mayor of St. Louis, Governor of Missouri, Secretary of the Interior, and president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. He is not unaccustomed to standing before kings, because he made a journey to Europe before the St. Louis World's Fair and had personal interviews and negotiations with most of the leading statesmen and rulers of Europe, including the German emperor. Mr. Francis is not, strictly speaking, a politician, although born in Kentucky. He did not get into politics by the usual methods of approach, but came in distinctively as a business man. In all his public functions he demonstrated a singular efficiency. As time wore on he developed from a business man into no little of a political philosopher and mastered the art of public address so thoroughly that there are very few public speakers in the country more pleasantly

effective than he. In the arts of personal ingratiating he is surpassed by no man in public life. His many-sidedness was in happy and ever surprising evidence of his public functioning as president of the St. Louis World's Fair. There is nothing sudden or explosive about him. He is a man of caution and of deliberation. In spite of his identification with what is loosely called "Big Business," he has never fallen out of touch or step with the party which has been conspicuously engaged in fighting "Big Business," not because it is big, but in so far as its practices have been evil. Mr. Francis is neither a plutocrat nor a demagogue. As the chief owner and, presumably, the directing mind of the *St. Louis Republic*, he has steered the course of that paper true to the principles of the Democratic party as originally proclaimed and as gradually developed to meet contemporaneous conditions. There is no question that the President's selection for the mission to Russia is the leading citizen of the state of Missouri. It is highly probable that ninety-nine men out of a hundred, picked at random over the United States, if called upon to name the representative Missourian or St. Louisian, would respond with the name of Mr. Francis. I have always thought that the other leaders in Missouri politics made a mistake when they organized with a view to keeping Mr. Francis, to a certain extent, out of the presidential favor. While no radical in any sense, and while he strongly supported Champ Clark at Baltimore, he accepted the nomination of Mr. Wilson with characteristic good grace and has been loyal to the President and his policies ever since. At present, and for some time in the future, there will be matters as delicate as important for negotiations between this country and Russia. In the reshaping of the world on the other side of the water after the war, the ambassador of the United States at Petrograd will be no negligible factor. He will represent United States opinion at the central heart of one of the great at present belligerent powers. That he will represent this opinion intelligently and courageously is beyond question. If there is one quality in Mr. Francis more conspicuous than another it is his genius for negotiation. Whether in the outlining of political policies or in the formulation of business programmes, he has no superior in the accomplishment of successful accommodation. While he has been a man engaged in active business life from the time he came to St. Louis as a boy with nothing but energy, he has found time to familiarize himself with national and world problems. He is not one of those practical men, of the rule-of-thumb sort, who are innocent of general ideas. He has the statesman-like mind and the practical politician's facility of facility. He is a tireless worker at any job he takes. It seems to me that the President's selection of Mr. Francis for this important position at this time is another of those strokes of genius which make us wonder at the so-called "school-master's" almost uncanny perspicience in his judgment of men. I have not been *simpatico* in local and state politics to the gentleman whose new honors I am glad to chronicle, but I cheerfully testify to the excellence and the integrity of his personal character and the high patriotic intent of all his public activities. In common with all other Missourians and St. Louisians I rejoice in the distinction that has come to him, and I feel that he will fully justify the confidence the President has reposed in him. He will be an honor to this country and a splendid advertisement of Missouri's best product—men. More than ever we shall feel a real sense of brotherliness in calling him, as we have called him for many years, "Our Dave."

The Nigger in the Coal-Pile

A Jingle of Anthracite

By E. Wye

O H, hear the "operators" screech,
Oh, hear the public curse—
What very, very dreadful speech
Before us they rehearse!

The former swear they'll ruin'd be,
The latter these revile—
But I'm listenin' to hear a sound
From a gem'man in the pile.

There's a nigger in the coal-pile,
He's hidin', I opine;
These quarrels, they are naught to him,—
He merely owns the mine.
He puts up nary capital,
He puts no labor in—
He just consents to let 'em work
Whilst he rakes off the tin.

This gem'man doesn't print long ads,
So touchin' that you weep.
He has no economic fads;
He just goes off to sleep.
He owns entire the coalfields an'
His place is in the sun—
His graft it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.

Black magic his, a talisman
He waves before our eyes,—
We pony up his taxes, an'
We tax ourselves likewise.
We list his priceless caverns deep
As "agricultural" land,
An' on his head we favors heap
An' eat from out his hand.

But, nigger in the coal-pile,
How long do you suppose
Your very necromantic smell
Will fool our searching nose?
We've traced at last your darksome way,
We ken what you're about—
Old Hoodoo, say, some blessed day
We're goin' to tax you out!

♦♦♦♦

The War After This War

By William Marion Reedy

THAT war is insanity was never better shown than in its effect upon the hitherto sane economic thinking of English statesmen. The old English free trader, he of the hard head, is being stampeded by "hate" or revenue considerations. Tariff reformers—meaning in Great Britain the opposite of what the words mean here—are having a heavy batting inning. Build up British trade by shutting out competition, is the cry. War is being used to promote the Protectionism England would have none of in times of peace. Patriotism of this kind is one of the penultimate refuges of the British "interests." The argument appears to be twofold—says *Land Values*, London—that Great Britain must punish the Central Powers for their misdeeds during the war and must prevent them from recovering their old share of economic prosperity by putting up a high, and indeed almost exclusive, tariff against them. But punishing the Central Powers isn't good punishment, or wouldn't be, for it isn't to the advantage of the punisher or of society at large. Great Britain would be punishing herself. Furthermore, if Great Britain set up a tariff against neutrals for the benefit of her allies and a lower one against her allies for the benefit of the colonies—and both these proposals are being made—she shall suffer a still greater loss with no advantage to herself or to her friends. A small minority, however, whose interests are diametrically opposed to those of the rest of the nation, will probably be the gainers.

It is said this is the way to bring Germany and

Austria to their senses. "But who are Germany and Austria?" asks *Land Values*. "Is it the mass of the people? Are they all corrupted? Or is it the ruling classes of these nations? If it is the latter, then we shall do them little injury and perhaps we shall actually increase the rents which the Junkers are able to extort out of their fellow-citizens while we oppress the mass of the people who may be won over to peaceable ideas. One can hardly pose as a lover of peace while holding a tariff blunderbuss to the head of a nation."

Will a tariff war tend to the reduction of armaments? It never has done so. Must Germany and Austria be strangled to prevent their recovering their former economic position, so they shall be powerless to disturb the peace of the world? Peace on this basis would be inconclusive—no peace at all. A conclusive peace would consider no such thing as attempting to impoverish the Central Powers, even if that could be done without impoverishing Great Britain. If the peace is inconclusive, then to attempt to strangle the Teutons is the one thing which will make war break out all the sooner. It is the one thing that will unite all the discordant elements in Germany and Austria, that will line up the Socialist and the Liberal beside the Junker and put back for a generation all hope for the penetration of peaceful ideas.

But, says *Land Values*, it is impossible by means of a tariff to destroy the trade of the Central Powers. Their trade may be turned away from Great Britain into other channels, to her loss as much as or more than to theirs. Even if they were shut out from all foreign trade, they would to some extent be impoverished, but they would be compelled to develop better their own natural resources. They would perforce become more self-supporting and to that extent more dangerous opponents in the event of some future war. Therefore, if more war must inevitably come, what must be done to strengthen Great Britain's position is to develop better the resources of that country, and she can do that without arousing any antagonisms which will make the occurrence of war more probable; but it cannot be done by returning to Protection. All that a tariff can do is to impoverish the British people and smother the initiative that comes from outside competition.

There is yet another argument that may be put forward in favor of a tariff,—the need for revenue. The urgency of finding fresh sources of taxation is indeed great, but a tariff is the most unjust and wasteful that can be devised. It will put an enormous burden upon the poor; it will hinder trade and dry up the other sources from which revenue is now obtained. It will impoverish the people to a much greater extent than it enriches the Exchequer, and it will create privileged interests that will batten upon the people and oppose every step in the direction of reform.

These are arguments we must consider in the United States, where there is a slump towards Protection. Even President Wilson wobbles on the tariff, to the extent of doubting free trade, to the extent of favoring a Tariff Board. If we go in for a tariff against all Europe, shall we not hurt ourselves even as it is shown Great Britain will hurt herself by a high tariff against the Teuton powers? The appointment of a Tariff Board means there's no such thing as economic principle—only expediency, only consideration of the profit in a tariff for the benefited few. In fighting Europe with a higher tariff we will punish ourselves; we will invite war rather than promote peace. We will add to the cost of everything to our own people. The President's concession to the Tariff Board idea squints that way. It is for that reason that I favor Will Atkinson's idea of an All Americas Customs Union—no tariff war at least on this side of the world, if there's to be an economic "ocean of fire" between us and Europe. If Europe won't free-trade with us, we shall at least set up free trade with those who will.

We are in for preparedness. How pay for it? The argument against tariff taxes here is the same as that against them in Great Britain or Germany. We may tax income, but in the issue of *Land Values* from which I have been quoting, it is shown that there has been an increase in wholesale prices of 40 per cent in England since July, 1914. This increase is not to stop with the war, and "the fact that the increase in the income tax has been one of the reasons for increasing house rents is notorious." Doubtless much of the income tax here to pay for preparedness will be shifted to the poor man's shoulders. What *Land Values* recommends to Great Britain is taxation of land values. It will increase production of wealth by forcing land into use. It will therefore strengthen the nation. Such a tax takes for the community only what the community creates. The United States cannot go in as a nation for the taxation of such community value in land. But the States can, and should, and out of that tax they could get enough money to run themselves and the national government, too. Enough money could be so raised to get rid even of "a tariff for revenue only." It would not increase the cost of living, but reduce it, by promoting production of wealth to pay for preparedness and everything else and leave all labor the value of its product.

It seems to me that this recrudescence and intensification of virulence of Protectionism in Great Britain, Germany, Austria, France, Russia, Italy means nothing less than preparation for the war after this Great War. It seems to me this country should not plump into the same economic war to bring on war. It seems to me that there's but one prophylactic against war, but one specific for permanent, universal peace—if all wars, as is said, are of economic origin—and that is—oh, yes, still harping on my daughter!—the Single Tax, here and everywhere.

♦♦♦♦

Filipino Independence

By W. M. R.

S CORE one good thing for preparedness, safety first, the war scare or whatever you want to call the stir over matters military. The Clarke bill providing for the independence of the Philippine Islands in not less than two nor more than four years, provided conditions be not antagonistic, and then Congress may postpone alienation, was passed not by the friends of the Filipinos, but by the "militarist" or preparedness forces in the Senate. The thing was done suddenly, unexpectedly. The House bill was taken from the Committee on Insular Affairs and then after a swift discussion, the Clarke measure was put through. Almost it took away the breath of the veteran anti-imperialists. They can explain it only on the theory that the War Department element suddenly realized that in case of war the Philippines were a liability rather than an asset. The rapid fall of Germany's colonies one after another into the hands of Great Britain was an object lesson not to be ignored. So the bill went through like a shot.

The President doesn't like the bill. He told the late War Secretary, Mr. Garrison, so; but he will not try to impose his will on Congress—not now, anyhow. The bill is not good, wholly. It is deficient in many necessary provisions; for neutralizing the islands before our withdrawal, for effecting the transfer of authority, for an indefinite number of important details necessary in such a transaction. Independence is to be granted, but the machinery to effect the change is not even mentioned. To leave out any arrangement for neutralizing the Islands is something remarkable, but then probably neutralization does not mean as much as it did prior to August 1st, 1914. Some friends of the Filipinos see in the omissions from the bill a means to keep independence "up in the air" for a longer

time than the bill provides. Some think the bill is a little play at Japan, a sort of move to draw her on.

Congressman Jones, whose House bill declared for the independence of the Filipinos and provided all or most of the necessary things left out of the bill passed by the Senate as a substitute for his, may be inclined to fight the substitution. He may think that the Clarke bill gives the Filipinos independence in words but withholds it in fact. It's like a constitutional provision that is impotent for lack of an enabling statutory act. There is ground for Mr. Jones to use his power in the House to defeat acceptance of the measure sent back from the Senate. But will he? He is a President's man. If he insists and gets the House to insist upon the bill passed at the last session, he will hold up Filipino independence. This would relieve the President of necessity for action by veto of the bill of which he disapproved, personally, though not officially, in his letter to Secretary of War Garrison. But should Mr. Jones and other friends of the Filipinos hold out for a bill containing provisions for neutralization and transfer?

I should say, no. The thing to do is to take this Clarke bill. The President cannot easily go back on his party's declaration for Filipino independence. He will have to sign the bill, probably, if both houses agree upon it. Once the bill is signed, there is no likelihood of its repeal. Its deficiencies and omissions can be rectified by the next Congress, under conditions probably not affected by war. The preparedness people will not be prepared to go back on their adherence to the measure as a sort of "clear for action" provision. The danger of the Philippines will continue to be an argument for preparedness. The thing for all anti-imperialists to do is to urge the House's acceptance of the Clarke bill and then set to work to get the additional legislation necessary to transfer authority and provide for the negotiation of treaties of neutralization. If so much of alienation as the Clarke bill provides be rejected, there is no telling when that much may be secured from the Senate again. The bill justifies the anti-imperialist contention that the Filipinos be allowed to go free, not for their sake, but for ours. It is to be hoped Congressman Jones will take this considerably more than half a loaf.

But there must be a good war-scare under cover in Washington to induce the War Department influences in the Senate to put over suddenly a bill for the independence of the Philippines after fighting it for years. They have adopted the "policy of scuttle." Surely we cannot leave the Philippines unneutralized, nor can we play cat and mouse with the Filipinos by leaving the Clarke bill as it stands, keeping the word of promise to their ear but breaking it to their hope. The bill must be amended so as to work, but it can, and should be, accepted for the time being.

♦♦♦♦

From an Old Farmhouse

A JAY ON THE WING.

First Day

I AM aboard a ship. The ship is going down the coast from New York to New Orleans. My only reason for keeping a sort of diary of this trip is that thereby I am in hopes of making some discoveries in American manners. So far everything seems all mannerly—except, of course, the servants. Some of these are Italian, a great many are Spanish. They are all insolent; there is a certain hoggish quality about the way they root past you or stand, stare and grunt at you when you ask them a question. Why ask them questions? You cannot understand their replies—they mutter and gargle greasy, strange verbs, nouns that have a rewarmed-foody smell about them.

But the travelers are very polite. Americans must be the politest travelers in the world, I fancy. They treat each other with a porcelain meticulousity. Perhaps this will break up when we get better ac-

quainted. At table, at the first meal, each man almost refrained from eating for fear he would be a bother to his neighbor. Each held both his elbows primly at his sides and pecked at his food by a strict perpendicular motion. My right hand mess-mate told the steward, "Just put me at a table all by myself." Of course, there are no such tables on this ship, but it showed his courteous desire to get out of others folks' way. This man would have had no bread with his meal if I had not been so impolite as to pass it to him voluntarily. On my left is a sergeant taking some boys down to Eagle Pass, I think. The boys go steerage, but he goes first-class. He is worried about his table manners, I can see that. He would like to eat his pie with a knife—and he should do so, if he wants to; but he has an idea that that would be an affront to the rest of us. So he is miserable, as is every man who is untrue to himself.

The ladies are extremely polite—for ladies. As a rule, women are not such fools as to put themselves through that agony, but these ladies, especially the younger ones, seem determined to keep up their manners. They sit alone in desolate corners and tap their shoes bravely against the floor as a pastime. I would like to talk to some of them but I appreciate that I would be offering an insult. The older ladies seem rather tired, so naturally they are more lax in their attitudes. I expect the old girls have been hitting it up in New York. I passed a group of well-dressed oldsters, the middle lady, clad in a rich grey silk, possessed of a fine, sweet, and indeed almost noble countenance, was saying: "Four theater suppers we had in one week, but I tell you what I like is what we get at home—just a plain can of beer and a couple of onion sandwiches." I could be neighborly with such a sound philosopher as she.

A little Jew has asked me why we bumped the other ship. I don't know why we bumped the other ship, but it is a fact that we did bump the other ship. I know absolutely nothing about the sea or ships, so I began and explained to the Jew all about why we bumped the other ship, how the captain should have manoeuvred so as not to commit this battery, etc. My questioner was not in earnest, did not really want information, he simply wished to drift around and ask questions. A great many travelers are this way. The American mind is said to be a curious mind, but I doubt if there is anything mental in such engineering of the curiosity. Most likely it's nervous, a lack of control over the motions of the feet and the lower jaw.

The sergeant says Roosevelt is the only man who can do anything with or for our army, but he hopes T. R. doesn't "get in" until after the European war is ended. Beer is twenty cents per pint bottle. The man in charge of the library is a coal-passer who somehow managed to get into a steward's uniform. There are about fifty volumes in the entire library, mostly fiction by Jack London and Bret Harte, cheap Chicago reprint stuff, but you have to deposit one dollar for each volume you take out. *Mem.*—Traveling Americans manage their trips without a seasoning of literature. This is very wrong, but perhaps it's rather comfortable.

♦

Second Day

Things have broken up, the polite people are lurking in their cabins, but the gaudy, the windy, and the efflorescent are beginning to impose their effluvia on others. The lusher in the smoking-room are beginning it. I frequently hear such remarks as, "You simply don't know what you're talking about. Have you ever *been* there? Why, I could take three regiments of Irishmen and lick Mexico in one month." The Loudest Lush is forcing drinks on other people: "Get that guy's order over there in the corner. *Make* the sucker take a cocktail." American travelers are very impolite in their generosity. Anyway, it isn't generosity: it is a rush of egotism to the bottle.

Boston comes in for a good deal of odd advertising. "More fast women, more booze drunk and more gambling in a smaller area than any other town in the country." This from a fat, grey-headed "business man." It seems from his open statement that when out-of-town business men come to see him he, as a matter of course, arranges to entertain them with chippies, jags and the wheel. Is this American? or is it merely human? This man is in the belting goods supply business, I am told. He uses disgusting language, metaphors of the brothel. He is grey-headed, as I say, and looks to be wealthy. About a dozen men sit laughing around him; he is talking their kind of talk. I have never heard English business men, or German or French business men display any such ideas of life as he and his companions seem fond of, and I have been in smoking-rooms with these. The American morality—is it in the hands of our older women?

Typical American instructive conversation: A young traveler is describing the catastrophe and the remains at Pompeii. "When did all this happen?" asks a listening girl. "In 72, I think," answers the traveler. "'72? '72?" says another voice, dubiously, "Why, it must have happened longer ago than that; in 1870 I—" "No, no. I mean two thousand years ago, before the birth of Christ." Chorus: "Oh!" "But may be it was after the birth of Christ—only I think it was 72 something." Chorus: "Oh!"

An elderly lady, quite in the prosperous appearance we associate with just her kind from Boston—she is from Boston—took a book from the library at the same time I did. I chose Bellamy and she Mary Eddy. She told me she was a Christian Scientist. Her teeth have a vigorous click. I am polite (as yet). I did not ask her why she was a Christian Scientist, but she was of the administrative type—she and her sister had motored down to the dock and had put free copies of C. S. publications all over the ship an hour before sailing time—and she told me at once in a head-office sort of way that she was a Christian Science convert because of her brother. I should rather say it was because of her brother's head—but, no her brother had been kicked in the head by a horse, some doctor had said her brother must surely die, then they had turned as to a forlorn hope, to Christian Science—and, lo, her brother had lived. *Mem.*—All American religions are indebted to the efficient bone structure of the American caput?

They are sitting around the player-piano. It is busted. This being, as the Honorable James says, the era in which young ladies are not forced to learn piano, none of the girls can play. So an entire company sits solemn and heartless. One more proof of our increasing dependence upon machines to do things for us. Samuel Butler declared that in time machinery would obtain the upper hand over man and it would be a case of *vice versa*. That time is here now. On this ship. The busted mechanical piano has ordered all these inefficient creatures to be—what is the kindest term I can use about them?—ah, unamused. And, lo, they are.

♦

Third Day

The American people who travel are peculiarly ungenerous. Yesterday I won the pool. It was all of nine dollars. To-day nobody would go into the pool. I had not told them that I need the money, but they seemed to suspect it.

The American traveler eats more fish than I had supposed. We are three days out now and the diners still order fried fish. Of course, we do not catch the fish as we go along, it is old refrigerator fish, and of course the considerate cook has it fried with a veiling batter around it. Still, you would think a traveler's nose would assist him, once the Pandora box of the batter-covered panfish

was broken open. I have heard that gourmets like their duck to hang until it almost drops to pieces, then to be barely warmed through instead of cooked; but I never knew that fish could delight when so treated. People ought to eat plenty of fish—but not this fish.

Every man I have yet met on board has some ailment and he talks about it to you. I actually had to tell one man frankly that I cared to hear no more about his piles and their domestic habits. The American traveler is a power-house of morbidity.

A little orphan boy, aged eight, at my table, is seasick. I am trying to better his gastric condition. He is traveling alone. He is regularly shunted from one uncle near New York to one uncle near New Orleans. "I guess they're goin' to settle me for good in New Orleans this time." Oh, the winsome pathos of his round eyes, the disheartening I feel when I see his trembling, yet uncomplaining, lips! This boy has the true *orphan look*. I cannot describe it; no writer could describe it, yet everybody who has studied the faces at an orphan asylum knows what the look is. It is something in the eye . . . a roundness lacking warm light . . . a desolation, a timidity, a "huskiness" of the eye—to borrow a condition from the throat.

Fourth Day

Marriage was much discussed. At dinner table I had told Kin Hubbard's remark: "The most significant thing about the war is that the married men are singing in the trenches." This caused an explosion of both mirth and food from the mouth of the first mate, who adorned the head of our table. Almost every man at our table (no ladies with us) admitted that if married men would "lay aside the veil" and tell the truth, "ninety per cent of them were unhappy with their wives." Seven at table. Three unmarried. One married three times. One married twice. The poll being taken, myself and a lawyer from Rochester were the only two who thought ninety per cent too big a lump of infelicity. After dinner, discussion continued and the madman who had been married three times declared: "And moreover, ninety per cent of the married women of America right now ain't on the square."

Asked as to what he meant by "on the square"—was it sexual infidelity?—he said, "Not always that, but not on the square in the sense that they are not trying fifty-fifty to do their part. They don't want to cook, wash, sew, have children or do a damned thing but trim their husbands out of as much money as the poor boobs can earn, gad around and have a good time, envy other women, envy money wherever they see it and no matter how it was come by. They're out for their own carcasses first, last and all the time. Thirty years ago we had a different kind of American woman. She's gone to-day." I got this man to give me his age and his reason for marrying three times in the face of his dire ninety per cent doctrine. He was 58 years old. His first two wives had died; he "had been young and a damn fool himself." Then there must have been quite a hiatus—while his philosophy developed. His third wife he had recently married—that is, within five years—for her money. She had oodles of it. She gave him all he wanted.

Then the Rochester lawyer told us something of his legal experiences. A great many of his cases were marital infelicity cases. In New York the only grounds for divorce is delirious old Number 7 of the Mosaic "Don't." He said it was the wives who generally asked for the divorce. But he thought that fifty per cent of the applying wives were also engaged in Number 7; and also that in almost all except a few cases of extreme cruelty his clients were just as much to blame as the defendants, on the score of incompatibility. A nagging wife makes a drunken husband or a husband who gets tired of his home and poaches elsewhere for feminine sympathy and massage.

Three weeks later in Los Angeles—where I am recasting these notes—a friend tells me the local applications daily for divorce are so numerous that the list of them reads like the entries at the Tia Juana race track. But more of Los Angeles anon.

Fifth Day

My orphan boy got well. The boat duly came to shore. Once on land, impoliteness again held her normal sway, people shoved and bumped and swore and hogged, and another unimpressed sun went languidly down over the heads of our free, brave people.

♦♦♦♦

Strophes From Styxside

By Yorick

ROLAND G. USHER
PAN-THEIST

POSSIBLY you may remember me,—
I hope so—as the Young Man
Who made History,
Not in the Napoleonic sense,
But with a sort of
Yankee ingenuity.

I never was a mere Recorder
Of fact.
I left the dead bones of the past
To be picked over
And re-articulated
By patient drudges.
I strove rather to sense
The clash of racial rivalries.
With my clairvoyant eye
I peered behind the curtain
Of every chancellerie
In Europe.

So delicately attuned was I
To the world of treasons,
Stratagems and spoils
In which I lived
That secret pacts and treaties
Sent cold shivers up my spine.
Often I stirred uneasily
In my sleep
While cunning and crafty statesmen
Plotted
Across the Atlantic.

Call me uncanny, if you will,
But I was a sort of
Masculine
Miss-Fortune Teller.
Diplomats feared my power
To reveal thoughts yet unformed
In the dark recesses of their souls.
I might have thwarted
Machiavelli even—
Or Bismarck.

Seer though I may have been,
Yet I was not blind
To commercial advantage.
I always made my volubility
Pan out well.
But now the end has come
And my great trilogy
Remains unfinished.
You have my
"Pan-Germanism"
And my
"Pan-Americanism"
But my masterpiece,
"Pan-Demonium,"
Is destined for the sightless eyes
Of the nether world. . . .

Oh! How do you do,
Herodotus?

Youth In Architecture

By Hugh Ferriss

THE antiquity of Architecture is a matter which is universally appreciated. The young student's ideas are entirely formed by it. The first dictum which I received in the Architectural course of one of our universities was: "Architecture is not a creative Art." We were taught not merely to understand the *raison d'être* of the motifs of the past, but to actually copy them. We were permitted to give something of ourselves to our chosen art, only to this extent: we could reassemble and recompose the details of those past forms.

The layman in this country sees about him the architectural types of other countries, as continually as the traveler, who sees them in their native soils. As a result of this, his most typical question, on seeing a new building is: "To what period does it belong?" As for the practicing Architects, they are daily turning out copious quantities of the Architecture of other days. In the scholarly atmosphere of their ateliers, one is brought face to face with the glory that was Greece, but there is scarcely a hint of the glory that is Manhattan: the glory that is To-day.

In the other Arts the situation is distinctly different. (Heaven forbid that I call down on your heads the callow efforts of certain so-called members of the Futuristic movements!) But even casting out that portion which is pose and theatricalism, we are nevertheless willing to have the modern Artist work on modern themes. We do not demand that the modern composer follow the exact musical progressions of a few decades ago. We even listen to the many modern minor poets, when their subjects naturally require new forms of their own. But Architecture is denied this sensitiveness to the changing conditions about her; she must remain unbending and aloof, her eyes fixed on a vanishing point in a distant land: Art's sterner sister.

To those learned Archeologists of the Architectural profession who brand all efforts to achieve modern interpretations as a vain attempt to "improve the Perfect," or who, in granting that we may eventually express our own time after a prolonged period of copying, are damning our youth with their faint appreciation; to those wintry ones who deny that Spring, in the inevitable sequence of seasons, is again coming—I say that there is a Puck under the hedge-row: an hilarity: a spirit of re-awakening: a Youth who will arise, brother to the youths in the other arts, and who most sincerely, most conscientiously, most enthusiastically, will create an Architecture german to his own time.

What will the characteristics of this youthful Architect be? In the first place, he will be an eager student of the Past, but he will copy, not the results of the past, but the thoughtfulness which led the Architects of the Past from their conditions to their results. The serene masters of Greece, the rugged Gothic masters, will be emulated by him, not for their beautiful motifs, but for that virile youth of theirs which led them to abandon the forms which did not belong to their time and create those which did. It is not that he will attempt to improve the perfect; he will love that perfection; it will be his very reverence for it as an expression of its own time, that will make it impossible for him to transplant it to an alien time, and an alien soil.

Secondly, the youthful Architect will more vividly realize the meaning of the word "Architecture;" that it is not "something that is put on the front of a building"—as I recently heard a designer say to his draughtsman, "I want to get a little more Architecture on at this point;"—Not that it is an application from without, but an outward unfolding from within: a natural growth.

It is a familiar doctrine among Architects that the form of a building should follow its function.

As Mr. Sullivan says: "Form follows function." Now I have heard this idea expressed by both the most extremely reserved and the most extremely "extreme" designers. Their agreement is of little consequence. The point of the matter lies in the vividness with which the doctrine is applied. And in the vivid sincerity of the youthful Architect, there will no longer be, for instance, a repeating of Greek forms, when the building on which they might be put and the people who would occupy the building, have no claim whatsoever to the Greek spirit. The sacrificial bull's skull will disappear forever from the portals of our village savings banks. The wooden rafters which actually held the projecting eaves of the Italian Loggias will no longer appear—in copper—tacked on at the cornice line of the modern office building—which has no earthly use for even the cornice itself!

This sincerity is already being heralded; not only in the more enthusiastic Middle West, but in our own more conservative East as well. The significance of the Woolworth building does not lie in its designer's masterly delineation of Gothic detail, not in his happy choice of a material so particularly adapted to the ascending and fluid line of Gothic design, not in its almost perfect sense of scale; its significance lies in its expression of its actual steel structure, in its appearing to be what it is: not a building of the Gothic age, but a building of the modern age.

Now, emulating this sincerity and carrying it forward in the years to come, the youthful Architect, in erecting a building of the modern age, will inevitably abandon even successful adaptations of old forms to modern use, and will give birth to modern forms as well. And it will be a most natural birth: a birth resulting from direct and sensitive contemplation of conditions as they actually are, and a virile desire—no longer intrigued by happy solutions of the problems of the Past—to set these conditions forth, embodied in natural and living forms.

He may well realize the practical and financial difficulties in the way of the pioneer; he may well know that this is a role to be filled devoutly, and never by the seeker of mere sensation and "individuality;" he may well appreciate that to the lover of beauty, it is a most seductive course to give a life's work (one so easily could) to dealing in forms which more creative spirits have already made beautiful; but he will also realize that the snake which cannot change its skin, dies. And the significance of Architecture will likewise die, if, in a new life, it cannot clothe itself in forms characteristic to that life.

Finally, he will not be satisfied with only a structural sincerity. He will strive to express, not only the body of a building, but its soul as well. He will seek to interpret, in his more subtle designs, the purpose of the building, its character, its mood. Its gravity, its humor, its power, its serenity. He will strive to more nimbly reveal the activity that is going on within the building. Architecture will no longer be static: it will be fluid. It will be as fluid as the fluid stone of Rodin; Architecture will yet have her Rodin, her Cezanne, her Debussy.

A building is not merely what it appears on the drawings in the Architect's office; with each stone, with each steel column it takes life, it breathes . . . In the early light of one sunrise the Woolworth tower was not to me that mass of Gothic detail which had lain in its designer's draughting room: it was an ineffable, a fragile, an unreal thing; a lone Pierrot under a single star: I could have blown it away with a breath . . . By noontime that structure had generated a gigantic force—a huge power that sent it continually hurtling itself vertically upward into the sky above it.

The lithe, triangular mass of the Flatiron building, thrusting its vivid point forward, seems, in the change of a thought, as though it would speed northward up Fifth avenue, cleaving through those

two rows of attractive corpses of a dead age, which line the modern thoroughfare.

You who are enthusiasts of the glory of the past of Architecture—as I wholeheartedly am—I ask you to consider the spirit which made the past ages glorious; it is a spirit which will give to our age a glory of its own; it is the spirit of Youth.

From the Western Architect (September).

♦♦♦♦

The Star

By Edgar Lee Masters

I AM a certain god
Who slipped down from a remote height
To a place of pools and stars.
And I sat invisible
Amid a clump of trees
To watch the mad men.

There were cries and groans about me,
And shouts of laughter and curses.
Figures passed by with self-absorbed contempt
Wrinkling in bitter smiles about their lips.
Others hurried on with set eyes
Pursuing something.
Then I said this is the place for mad Frederick—
Mad Frederick will be here.

But everywhere I could see
Figures sitting or standing
By little pools.
Some seemed grown into the soil
And were helpless.
And of these some were asleep.
Others laughed the laughter
That comes from dying men
Trying to face Death.
And others said "I should be content."
And others said "I will fly."
Whereupon sepulchral voices muttered,
As of creatures sitting or hanging head down
From limbs of the trees,
"We will not let you."
And others looked in their pools
And clasped hands and said "Gone—all gone."
By other pools there were dead bodies,
Some of youth, some of age.
They had given up the fight,
They had drunk poisoned water,
They had searched
Until they fell—
All had gone mad.

Then I, a certain god,
Curious to know
What it is in pools and stars
That drives men and women
Over the earth in this quest,
Waited for mad Frederick
And then I heard his step.

I knew that long ago
He sat by one of these pools
Enraptured of a star's image
And that hands, for his own good,
As they said,
Dumped clay into the pool
And blotted his star.
And I knew that after that
He had said: "They will never spy again
Upon my ecstasy.
They will never see me watching one star.
I will fly by rivers
And by little brooks
And by the edge of lakes
And by little bends of water
Where no wind blows,
And glance at stars as I pass—
They will never spy again
Upon my ecstasy."

And I knew that mad Frederick
In this flight
Through years of restlessness and madness

Was caught by the image of a star
In a mere beyond a meadow,
Down from a hill, under a forest,
And had said:
"No one sees;
Here I can find life
Through vision of eternal things!"
But they had followed him.
They stood on the brow of the hill,
And when they saw him gazing in the water
They rolled a great stone down the hill,
And shattered the star's image.
Then mad Frederick fled with laughter.
It echoed through the wood.
And he said, "I will look for moons
I will punish them who disturb me,
By worshipping moons."
But when he sought moons
They left him alone.
And he did not want the moons.
And he was alone, and sick from the moons,
And covered as with a white blankness,
Which was the worst madness of all.

And I, a certain god,
Waiting for mad Frederick
To enter this place of pools and stars,
Saw him at last.
With a sigh he looked about upon his fellows
Sitting or standing by their pools.
And some of the pools were covered with scum
And some were glazed as of filth
And some were grown with weeds
And some were congealed as of the north wind
And a few were yet pure
And held the star's image.
And by these some sat and were glad.
Others had lost the vision:
The star was there, but its meaning vanished.
And mad Frederick going here and there
With no purpose
Only curious and interested
As I was, a certain god,
Came by a certain pool
And saw a star.

He shivered.
He clasped his hands.
He sank to his knees.
He touched his lips to the water!

Then voices from the limbs of the trees muttered:
"There he is again."
"He must be driven away."
"The pool is not his."
"He does not belong here."
So as when bats fly in a cave
They swooped from their hidings in the trees
And dashed themselves in the pool.
Then I saw what these flying things were.
But no matter;
They were thoughts evil and envious
And selfish and dull,
But with power to destroy.
And mad Frederick turned away from the pool
And covered his eyes with his arms.
Then a certain god
Of less power than mine
Came and sat beside me and said:
"Why do you allow this to be?"
They are all seeking,
Why do you not let them find their heart's delight?
Why do you allow this to be?"
But I did not answer.
The lesser god did not know
That I have no power,
That only the God has the power
And that this must be
In spite of all lesser gods.

And I saw mad Frederick
Arise and ascend to the top of a high hill.
And I saw him find the star
Whose image he had seen in the pool.
Then he knelt and prayed:

"Give me to understand, O star,
Your inner self, your eternal spirit,
That I may have you and not images of you,
So that I may know what has driven me through
the world,
And may cure my soul.
For I know you are Eternal Love
And I can never escape you.
And if I cannot escape you
Then I must serve you.
And if I must serve you
It must be to good and not ill—
You have brought me from the forest of pools
And the images of stars,
Here to the hill's top.
Where now do I go?
And what shall I do?"

♦♦♦♦

A Vacancy at Todds

By Harry B. Kennon

AT half-past six one Thursday morning a message came by telephone to the Todd, Tevis Company, known far and wide as Todds, saying that George Bliss had died in the night. As George had been in the firm's employ for many years, his folks thought their sad news of sufficient importance to send word at once; so Maggie Bliss' boy went over to the corner drug store and expended a nickel for the use of the public telephone. At that early hour only sweepers and night watchmen, none of whom remembered Bliss, were on duty; but one of the latter made a memorandum of the message and, after looking the dead man up in the house directory, placed it with papers pigeon-holed over night for department X where the dead man had worked. Of the Company, Tevis was an early riser, if not that early, and more apt to study Todds' latest advertisement over his shredded wheat and poached egg than death notices; as for Todd, he was twenty-five miles away, out in the country, and still fast asleep; and the men in George's department whom the message would most interest, would learn of it later, after punching the time-clock. So Buddie Bliss' message disturbed nobody. Nevertheless, there was a vacancy at Todds—not that it very much mattered.

Barring several servants and his son Harold, who would hardly show for breakfast after last night's glee club concert and dance, John Todd had his spacious country house to himself. Perhaps a couple of related items from the society columns may serve to throw some light upon his comparative solitude:

"Indisposition has occasioned Mrs. John Tallington-Todd's absence from this week's opera, and Mr. Todd has been compelled to entertain her usual Tuesday and Friday night box parties. Mrs. Tallington-Todd anticipates a sufficiently speedy recovery to enable her to participate in the pageant of the widely heralded Egyptian charity ball. She will impersonate Cleopatra, and her barge of Old Nile will be borne upon the shoulders of eight well-known society men, representing eunuchs. . . ."

"The Tallington-Todd town house will not be reopened this season, Mrs. Tallington-Todd and her charming and popular daughter, Miss Mabel, having departed for Palm Beach two days after the Egyptian ball that they helped to make such a beautiful success. Mr. Tallington-Todd's notorious devotion to winter sports decides his residence at his country place near Glen Run, when not using one or other of his city clubs, or a hotel, for convenience. So another of society's haunts on the Drive is closed. The influenza has much to answer for. . . ."

Read between the lines—the reporter signs herself, "Gladys"—that Mary, wife of John Todd, frankly bored with the fog end of an indifferent season, had seized upon a slight attack of the prevailing epidemic as a pretext for a premature flitting to Florida—Nice, Paris and London being

quite out of the question "while this silly war lasts"; read that John Todd, enjoying the informality of it, would have lived in the country the year round but for his wife's strenuous breasting of the social swim; read, too, that he carried a latch-key to the door of his house on the Drive, and that caretakers stood ready to make him comfortable the minute they heard the click of his key in the lock. Just so accurate are "Gladys" persons who, except for a criminal slip now and then, as in the first reproduced item, never refer to John Todd without lugging in the hyphen and the "Tallington." But as long as the Todd, Tevis Company flourished and extended its business, John T. Todd scorned no kind of publicity, he had always found it a paying investment; and the "Gladys" sort, now that his wife had arrived, came cheaper than most.

If Todd had given to society so much as half the hours allotted by reporters of his wife's doings, this commonplace adventure of an untiring man of business had never happened—it simply could not have wedged itself in; for the fact is that his presence in support of Mrs. Tallington-Todd was largely due to a provincial "Gladys" sense of marital propriety—in print; and that he awarded innumerable functions the prestige of his absence—particularly the opera. On the famous "Parsifal" and "Ring" Sundays, so compelling to fashion, he limited his attendance to acting as host at dinners during the long and not unwelcome first intermissions; that was about all the time that a man of affairs could afford Wagner unedited. Money was different and Todd did his patriotic part in making up the season's annual deficit; for the opera season was a fine feeder to Todds. Tallington-Todd was a patron of art and artists did not despise him. John T. knew his business.

And while the man sleeps—he will awake, presently—it may as well be confessed that, wife and children aside, he knew nor cared for little else. To the pushing of Todds he bent his energies and, such is the force of training and habit, almost unconsciously twisted the ornamental and philanthropical events of his existence to the pushing. Todds seldom failed of tabulation in public charity subscription lists and schemes for civic betterment, and no man stood more ready to grant the press interviews on all sorts of subjects than John Todd. The fact that neither he nor Tevis had ever found it convenient to do jury service defines the value of their time to the community.

There were other members of the Todd, Tevis Company, minor stockholders who took what was handed them, but Tevis and Todd were "Todds" to the general. Tevis, staid and puritanical, understood Todd perfectly, and Todd perfectly understood Tevis; their conferences were consequently most impersonal. Merchants and sons of merchants both, advantaged by education unknown to their fathers, they finally believed that they had made of Todds the immense going concern that it was—the tremendously increasing population to which Todds catered bearing no such responsibility for prosperity to their contracted vision. Not that they ignored the population factor: they could not, exploiting it; but it held a similar place in their minds with the business their fathers had founded, something like a personal inheritance to be smugly administered to their benefit. To quote Tevis, "Hard Dutch work does it," and he would have expired of heart failure away from the work. A peculiar obsession of the partners was an honestly ignorant conviction that Todds was, in its way, a benevolence affording unlimited opportunity to men and women: men did not work for Todds,—Todds gave men work. Tevis was the conservative, unapproachable member, Todd the glad hand; he prided himself upon the personal touch never absent between Todds and Todds' employees; he rarely forgot a face and, king's gift, the name that went with it; his friendly habit was to address all male employees by their first names, which counted with men known otherwise by numbers. He never earned the more or

less affectionate nickname of "the old man," but was always referred to as the "boss." Not that his age had anything to do with it, younger "old men" than he were numerous enough; and the "boss" had yet to reach his fiftieth year. . . .

Elijah, Todd's black houseman, came softly into his sleeping-room and closed the windows, before building a wood fire in the open grate; he noiselessly laid out Todd's fresh linen and suit for the day, and then disappeared into an adjoining room. The sound of running water announced preparation for the sleeper's bath.

Todd awoke all over, as usual—"Lijah!"

"Yes, sah."

"Mr. Harold come home last night?"

"Don't know, sah."

Elijah, troubling the water to test its temperature, became conscious of a tall figure in silk pajamas behind him.

"You don't know," said Todd, with humorous severity.

"Never watched the clock, sah."

"Did you put him to bed?"

Elijah grinned: "Not exactly to bed, sah."

"Take that blue suit and press it; I'll wear the gray."

Elijah made a quick get-away to the bed-room; Todd's voice followed: "Which car did Mr. Harold have?"

"Limousine, sah."

"Who drove him?"

"Peters, sah."

"Phone Peters to have the touring car round to catch the eight-twelve."

"Mighty cold for open cars, sah?"

"How cold?"

"Colder'ncharity."

"Let Peters bring my leather coat from the garage. Got the gray suit?"

"Yes, sah."

"Put out two or three more handkerchiefs; I seem to have picked up a coccus."

"A which?"

"A cold."

Elijah left to communicate with Peters, closing the door on a sound of coughing and vigorous splashing. It would have done the heart of a health fan good to see Todd taking his morning rub-down, such excellent care did he take of his big, well-nurtured body, so beautifully sanitary his surroundings. He shaved and dressed in pleasant comfort, and by seven-thirty was skimming his morning paper over a daintily served breakfast.

"You've got this room too hot," he complained to the maid.

She looked at the thermostat: "Only seventy," she answered.

"Seems hotter," and he continued eating. . . .

Eight o'clock saw Elijah assisting him into his warmed overcoat and topping that with the heavily furred leather brought by Peters. He lighted a cigar and went out to the machine, mounted it, taking the wheel. The drive to the station was swift and without incident; they arrived at eight-ten. As Peters received back the leather coat, Todd asked:

"What shape was Mr. Harold in when you drove him from town?"

"Tidy," answered the Englishman, concisely.

Todd frowned as he thought of the bad fifteen minutes in prospect for him and his boy. "Neither of the cars leave the garage to-day, Peters," he commanded. "Understand!"

"Mr. Harold has ordered the limousine to take Miss Burns over to Glen Run for the skating," said Peters, without the quiver of a facial muscle.

Harold and Harold's defenders had Todd beat again, and Todd knew it. "Very well," he assented; and then: "Tell my son that he has an important engagement with me at breakfast to-morrow morning."

"What train do I meet to-night, sir?" asked Peters.

"I'll phone from the station in town." And Todd turned to take the express as it hummed into

the station, the engine a cloud of steam in the zero weather. He entered the club-car set apart for residents of the Glen Run district, and dropped into his accustomed seat for a game of auction with three neighbors. Eight-forty-eight landed him in town; nine o'clock found him in his private office, prompt to the second. He counted on the little sprint from station to store to keep him fit, as it did.

His morning was such as many a prosperous business man puts in in guiding with a bluff of omniscience the smooth-running machine of whose minute details he is ignorant; details left to managers and sub-managers of whom Todds demanded results without inquiring so closely as to embarrass into the methods by which such results were obtained. Tevis, whose spoken creed, "Hard Dutch work does it," was entirely consistent with his practice, came into closer contact with managers than Todd, and they knew that another article of the Tevis creed was, "Diminished departmental sales and profits per cent make managers strangers to the Todd, Tevis Company." Managers and "subs" sized him up, sometimes spoke feelingly of him—guardedly; always mentioned him as "D. T."; his name was David.

Among John Todd's callers of the forenoon was an inspector from the Building Department of the city, inquiring into the procrastination of Todds in the construction of ordered fire escapes on the front of the building; an expensive and a disfiguring demand, quite unnecessary from the Todd standpoint, as escapes existed in the alleyway. Todd jollied the man along, sounding him the while, and then referred him to Tevis; later he shook hands genially with Slupski, alderman of the ward, as he passed to Tevis' private sanctum. He then started on his everyday tour from department to department, a swift, eagle-eyed and tactful progress; for Todd was careful of interfering in "D. T.'s" domain. He had a way, though, of noticing anything out of the usual, of pouncing upon it, an attribute that immeasurably enhanced his reputation for knowing the whole works. He noticed Bob Nicolls passing quietly among the employees of department X with a paper which many signed. He had received signed papers. He pounced.

"What have you there, Robert?" he demanded.

"George Bliss died last night," answered Bob. "We are sending some flowers out to the house."

What comment Todd made on the death of Bliss was not heard by the other employees, as Bob walked towards the door with him, talking; they saw the boss make a minute in his memorandum book, and, as Bob turned away, saw Max Weiss accost him. Todd listened, made another note, and quitted the department.

At twelve-thirty, Todd walked to the bank of which Todds was a heavy depositor and he a stockholder and director, and there spent the greater portion of an agreeably comfortable hour in passing upon affairs prepared for the rubber-stamping of directors and of which, in the nature of things, he could scarcely have had an accurate, detailed, personal knowledge. But it was very pleasant. One-thirty found him lunching at the Commonwealth Club, where Tevis joined him. A number of vital affairs were settled in the smoke of after-luncheon cigars at the Commonwealth, a number vital to Todds.

"How do we come out with Alderman Slupski?" asked Todd, over the coffee.

"Escapes go up," bit off Tevis.

"At once!"

Tevis brought his thin red lips together in what was known as the "Tevis" smile: "Safety first is Slupski's slogan, just now—for Slupski," he explained.

Todd expostulated: "He'll get his, whether we put up the escapes or not."

"Factory and health inspectors are no longer sleeping partners," rejoined Tevis, with cold impatience.

"What is the estimate?"

Tevis took a couple of envelopes from his breast-pocket, one bearing the penciled figures asked for. He noted the sum total, and the address—a woman's hand.

He returned the envelope. "How is Mrs. Tevis?" he inquired.

"Nicely. She and the children enjoy the California climate. The other is her letter; this is a note from Mrs. Bliss, saying that George is still sick. I wrote her that we had carried him about as long as we could—would carry him until the first. She got it this morning."

Todd recognized energy wasted. "Too bad," he said, "Bliss died last night. Both Weiss and Nicolls applied for his position this morning." A paroxysm of coughing prevented his further speech, occasioned a slight pause.

"Which sold most goods in 15?" asked Tevis.

"I'll look it up. . . . This place is beastly hot!"

"Better do something for that cold," cautioned Tevis.

"I'll take time for a good sweat," said Todd. "That will knock it."

"Why not rest up a few days?"

"Oh, it don't amount to anything," answered Todd, lighting a fresh cigar.

"Best be careful," said Tevis, who was always careful and never sick. He took his neat little body out of the club after that caution, Todd lingering to chat on affairs civic and national as affecting business, the Commonwealth's cause of being. He was a good mixer and enjoyed it; but three was his hour for returning to his duties, and he was punctuality itself. By four-thirty he had signed up and cleared away all matter laid on his desk by his secretary. He had a taxi called, and was driven to the Turkish bath.

The temperature had risen considerably during the day, appreciably in the last few hours; and a chinook wind swept along the canyon between the skyscrapers as Todd, fresh from his shampoo and rest, emerged into the electric-lighted street; he drank in the air with his whole body, delighted in it; he had "knocked out that cold." And he was righteously hungry—the chef of the Leviathan would settle that. So he walked to his club where, while waiting service over a cocktail, he was joined by two other members, which meant another cocktail. The three dined together and dined well, as workers should, the toil of the day set aside—and they talked of various matters with the zest of traders alive to the greater briskness of a rapidly advancing market. Naturally they discussed the Great War's latest aspect, quite naturally and in the fine neutral spirit that gave war semblance of a sporting event; naturally, and with sporting intelligence. There were bets up at the Leviathan on the final result that had nothing of sympathy in them for any belligerent, or realization of a new world being born—just bets. Wines went with the dinner, cigarettes with the salad, and cigars with the coffee. Leviathans experienced little difficulty in doing themselves well.

One noted the hour. "It's past nine," he said. "The Russians are on—they're great!"

Todd called for his overcoat in passing the check-room, remarked that he purposed catching the ten-ten Glen Run express.

"Long way to go for a short sleep," chaffed one of his companions.

"I have a morning appointment with my son," explained Todd. . . . Glances were exchanged, as the attendant helped John T. into his coat; Harold had a record at the Leviathan; they, too, had hopeful sons.

It was possible to enter the opera house, over the way, without passing from under cover and the Leviathans took that sheltered passage. As one of them had said, the Russians were great; but their initial act was of short duration. Todd saw it out and then left his friends to take in the off-night opera which the dancing had interrupted. As he

stepped from the foyer to the pavement he was confronted by a storm of sleet and snow, coming from no direction in particular, from all directions. But it was not cold; he, at least, was anything else.

He had to wait a few moments for the summoned taxi; he who disliked waiting for anything, anytime. When the machine took him up he was rolled rapidly along the boulevard and then, at much slower speed, down a congested street leading to the station. He became conscious of the shut-in chill of the cab, impatient of the snail's progress, and he leaned forward to communicate with his driver. In that instant the taxi came to a standstill with a grinding crash, in the next Todd stood in the blizzard nursing a bruised head. His cab was out of commission, no other to be had under the conditions; but a surface car that had been halted by the accident, would answer. A policeman handed him his hat; he jammed it on his head, gave the officer his address, and boarded the car. "All cars on that street passed the station."

And many cars passed centrally located Todds; that car did. Todd looked out, and up. Department X was brilliantly lighted, the force doing three hours overtime for fifty cents supper money. As he looked, the lights were switched off. He took out his watch: "Ten minutes of ten—ten minutes ahead of closing hour—ten times thirty men's time—ten—"

Minutes refused to resolve into hours, hours into money lost to Todds; efficiency forsook him, his head bothered, he felt chilly—hot—confused. . . .

A good-natured laugh of understanding, a good-natured shake aroused him.

"Clarissa Grove," called the conductor—"End of the line!" . . .

* * * * *
Of the shops clustered at the terminus only Costello's pool-room saloon, and the Greek confectioner's, showed lights: the Greek never slept and Costello played closing ordinances up to the time limit. The done man walked away from these out and along the icy and uncared sidewalks of Clarissa's treeless grove; walked quite half a mile, shivering in a prairie wind that cut the storm. He came to a row of jerry-built houses of the time payment kind that spring up like toadstools over night in distant subdivisions, like toadstools much of one pattern, like toadstools poisonously ugly. He let himself into the house he called home and reached up to turn out the lowered gas light in the entrance way.

"Don't put out the light," said a hushed voice, from the upper hall.

"Isn't Hal in—yet?"

Thunder in that "yet" that Harold's mother ignored: "He went to the picture show," she explained.

"And wound up at Costello's, I'll bet," he grumbled.

"The boy likes pool, dear; he must have some pleasure."

"Not at Costello's—if I have a say." He threw off his overcoat, and moved back towards the cellar-way under the stairs.

"Don't bother about the furnace," said his wife. "I banked it."

"How often have I told you—!" he exclaimed with affectionate irritation.

"I knew how tired you'd be. Come up to bed—it's awful cold."

He ascended the stairs and encircled her lean shoulder with his arm, kissed her. "You are wearing yourself out," he said.

"Can't hear me creak, can you?" She smiled up into his eyes: "I am sleeping with Mabel to-night."

"How is her throat?"

"Better—I think. Cold compresses will help it."

"And you up all night putting them on!"

Oh, cat naps count."

"Make her stay home to-morrow."

"Says they're too busy at the shop. I tried. Madam Augustine is rushed to-death."

"Damn Augustine! Don't wake the child in the morning."

"I promise, if she's not much better. Now do go to bed."

He went to his room, shed, and threw himself on his bed to sink almost immediately into the deep, dreamless sleep of exhaustion—

"Six o'clock, dear! I hated to wake you."

He passed his hand over hers that touched him—a caress.

"I've taken your things into the other room—it's warmer. Mabel is in the bath-room," she warned, and then added with contagious humor:—"fixing her hair."

He felt of his chin, laughed aloud: "My day to forget a shave."

"Her cold's lots better. You'll find everything you need in there."

"Well enough to go to work?"

"If she takes care of herself—"

"Which she won't. Has Hal?"

Something that sounded like "bacon" came from his wife, half-way downstairs.

He washed in the warmer room and put on his things: "things," she had called them, a second-day crumpled shirt and a suit offensive from day in and day out wearing. He then went down to breakfast, a hurried meal at best. There were griddle cakes; he sniffed the griddle. Clarissa Grove architects planned homes that left little of sound or sense to the imagination, little of home when paid for.

With the first batch of cakes came his expected question: "What time did the boy get in?"

"Five o'clock," she answered, calmly pouring his coffee.

"Five o'clock! We can't stand for that."

"He had to get breakfast before going to the factory."

"And you fed him! Why couldn't he wait? Time enough when the whistle blows."

"He had something to do for Maggie Bliss, before punching in; something about the funeral. He sat up there last night. The poor thing was pleased with the flowers."

She shared the spoils of her little victory by passing the syrup.

"Well, well," reflected her husband, "George was always a good scout—he was at Todds ten years ago when I hired in—now he's seen his finish . . . I tackled the boss for his job yesterday—it didn't seem decent—Weiss is after the extra five bucks too."

His wife had known other decencies to fade for less than five dollars a month. She made no comment. A distant whistle blew. He arose from the table immediately and lighted his pipe. With a "Mabel" glance up the stairs, she followed him to the front door, picked a stray raveling off his overcoat, patted it; and cautioned him against the slippery pavement.

"No such good luck," he said, "accident policy's paid up."

She gave him the smile that the threadbare joke demanded, and turned back into the shabby house to cook a third breakfast, Mabel's.

The smoke, walking to the car line, was one of his pleasures in all weathers, the long ride to town, luxury despite smelly herding; for then he could bring a morning brain to bear upon the news of the day, had time for it. Like most Americans, he was an ardent politician—when aroused, and events were occurring the world over to arouse men everywhere: events interdicted of discussion at Todds', where the interchange of ideas was confined to the details of Todds' business, though lightened by banter, for the most part filthy. Arrived there, he punched the time clock and became number 282 in so far as his "Todd, Tevis" record was concerned.

He dropped into the unceasing grind with a livelier spirit than usual, though the whirl of it

always hypnotized him into a certain exhilaration; then, too, the coming interview with the boss made for excitement, if not enthusiasm. A simplification of the complicated system under which the force was driven at such costly speed suggested itself to him. He mentioned it to number 576, working at his side.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Don't think—just work here," flashed 576.

Which closed the incident.

He lunched at a crowded, serve-yourself, basement feed-shop and returned to put in the afternoon until time came for him to touch the boss. He was neither before nor after the minute appointed. He knew better, knew Todds'.

The boss greeted him affably in the midst of the awe-inspiring mahogany of his carpeted private office, and as affably dismissed his proposition when presented: "Mr. Tevis and I," he said, recalling a conversation which had but touched the edge of the specific matter, "have decided not to fill George's position, for the present—to divide his duties among the force."

"Will the pay be divided?" was the astonishing response, astonishing to both hearer and speaker, as spontaneous utterances are apt to be.

But the boss was an old bird: "Hardly, this season," he said. "Let's see, what are you drawing?"

"Sixty-five."

"Saving some, I trust."

"I am buying my home on monthly installments."

"That's right!—right!" A gleam of the game came into the smiling eyes: "You don't want to lose your pep because we can do nothing for you—just now."

"It's hard to keep ambitious when you're losing out," was the rejoinder.

"How, losing out? You are one of our old men—straight in the line of promotion. We like you."

The matter was hopeless, but the disappointed man spoke again: "Everything has brought higher prices the last few years than what I have to sell."

"Aren't you mistaken? Haven't wages increased?"

"Not mine."

"Todds is always ready to do the right thing," shifted the boss; "to take on more men to lighten the work, when necessary. Many hands make light work." And then he passed the sympathetic buck: "I know the cost of everything has advanced; the cost of doing business has increased enormously." He laid a kindly hand of dismissal on his employee's shoulder: "We are all in the same boat, you see—lucky to hold our jobs."

"We! We! We!" muttered the lucky one to himself, as he returned to department X—"We! Bull! Bull! Bull!"

It may be that the balking of a desire he believed just disjointed the man's sense of proportion, obscured his vision; but in that moment, as he thought, he saw Todds most clearly, and he saw the constant upbuilding of an enormity as stupid as the Great Pyramid, that he had read of in some Sunday Supplement, and than which he could think of nothing more stupid. He saw the bigness of Todds—any fool could see that—and the sickening littleness. He saw the lickspittle playing for place among his fellows, their unsuccessfully hidden discontent, their almost absolute ignorance of all not connected with Todds, their brave show of pride in belonging to the working force of the biggest thing of its kind; their beautiful, dumb, degrading endurance; he saw, as never before, the slip-it-over-on-the-other-chap scheme, that was the witty essence of barter, perpetually working, the best policy of honest trading; for he, too, read Todds' advertisements.

He had seen men give their richest years to Todds for the single-man-wage and less, had seen the pulp squeezed out of them—the men cast aside, shriveled skins; and now Todds was taking in, more and more, girls and women—to lighten the work. Yes, he had seen men go that way, as Bliss had gone; he saw them going that way now, driven

to the limit under a system cunningly contrived to use up, without waste of a second of time, every gramme of their physical and mental strength; cunningly contrived to kill the individual's self-esteem—which is ambition—by showing constantly his infinitesimal importance to Todds; cunningly contrived for setting men in keenest competition, the one against the other, for the pyramiding of profit; stupidly contrived for the development of the human hog. For he saw men vastly capable of generosity slyly undermining their fellows and, strange union of the pen, all working against any newcomer among them. God, how the system worked! Todds called it efficiency. And the hell of it! Every day he saw young chaps of honest hope and clean ambition fed in to "learn the business."

In that sty of the soul he saw some apparently thriving on the swill, sinking their hoofs in it, gaining foothold; others, dead to ambition, wallowing in it as in their native element; while others ate of it to live barely, nor dared show disgust. Success or failure, what did it amount to, what signify? There was Bliss at the one end, the bosses at the other, between them bought managers, driven drivers of the driven—and there was Todds.

And through this bitter river of reflection ran a current terrible, steady, strangling: Nor Todd nor Tevis was more accountable for the soul-destroying calamity that was Todds than he, one of the myriad mouths of that great stupidly indifferent, ravenous monster—the people. He had done what he could in the place prepared for him, had worked faithfully and well, else the place had not been his to hold—and he had been forced to feed his girl to the shop, his boy to the mill, himself to what he saw, his wife to what he dared not contemplate, though—God bless her!—she always made the best of the worst. He saw his children—her children!—in worse case than himself, unless otherwise befriended by Fate. Fate! He saw no way out save Bliss' way—endurance to the end—a passing in poverty—his poor wife pleased with flowers from place-hunters like himself. He felt himself sinking under the glory that was Todds—sinking. He struggled, gasped for breath, called out—

"What does he say?" asked Tevis of the nurse.

"It sounds like 'list,'" she answered.

Intensely concerned, Tevis bent down.

"Bliss," gasped Todd—"Bliss!"

Tevis was a good man and a religious; he treasured the edifying word to whisper into the ear of the preacher who should deliver Tallington-Todds' eulogy.

"Quick! Quick!" exclaimed the nurse.

Todd struggled in the woman's arms, raised himself, pointed to Tevis—

"Harold," he called, "Harold! Tell Harold—"

"Let the boy come in," said Tevis. It was all that he could do in the emergency.

Others, however, were doing. Madame Augustine was working her girls overtime on an emergency mourning order, a very particular order, wired by Mrs. John Tallington-Todd from Palm Beach, whence she and Mabel were being rushed home by special train. Augustine was much elated. Harold, dazed, was taking his first draught of sober, serious thought. He had loved his father. He now felt that much depended upon him, as much did depend. All he knew was the little that everybody knew, though reporters had made a column story of it: his father had been found wandering the streets in a delirious condition; a card in his case furnished the address of the townhouse on the Drive. He was taken there during the blizzard. The doctors said it was pneumonia.

There was a vacancy at Todds.

Not that it mattered, such contingencies having been provided for. Todd was gone, Tevis would go, but Todds would go on in the same progressively prosperous, destructive way—

Unless Harold—

Let the boy come in.

Letters From the People

Ethical Kultur
419 Webster Avenue,
Chicago, Feb. 17, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The surprising letter from Mr. Horace Bridges in your issue of the 11th inst. is before me. His is, indeed, a strange conception of ethics, for, having submitted his book to me to obtain my opinion, he turns round and accuses me of "malevolent falsehood," because he does not agree with me.

The "malevolent falsehoods" I am accused of are three, and the first two of them are obviously matters of opinion. I have seen a good deal of the Ethical Movement during the past ten years, and if I say it is "the apotheosis of respectability," that is my estimate of it, and however wrong Mr. Bridges thinks it, he has no right to describe it as a "malevolent falsehood." The second "malevolent falsehood" is that the silk hat and frock coat are its appropriate symbols. Again, I believe that is true. Mr. Bridges' own congregation is always faultlessly dressed, and so is Dr. Coit's. And even if that were not true, I fail to perceive any malice in the assertion. Anyhow, appropriateness is surely a matter of opinion. My third "malevolent falsehood" is to the effect that he learned his philosophy in Kensington and Bayswater. If this statement is untrue, again I plead no malice. There is no disgrace in learning philosophy in Kensington and Bayswater. What I know of the Ethical Movement, I learned chiefly in those two places, where Dr. Coit has labored for years, and where for a long time Mr. Bridges was his assistant. As he continually refers in terms almost of adoration to Dr. Coit, it does not seem unfair to say he learned his philosophy there, and I am utterly at a loss to understand how the statement could arouse his animus. In looking over my review I fail to find anything which suggests that Mr. Bridges was born in Middle Class circles, and I do not see that it matters a snap where he was born. As to the limitations of his vision, we can all judge that from his book and his letter.

The remainder of his letter is so irrelevant that I only reply to it in order to correct the errors he has fallen into as regards myself, and my opinions. He speaks of the advantages of university tuition which I "was enabled by charity to enjoy at Oxford." Now, even if that statement were true, it is one which I, not being an Ethicist, would have been utterly ashamed to write about anybody. In view of it, it seems impossible to acquit him of malice. However, as a fact, I never had any university tuition either at Oxford or anywhere else, either by charity or in any other way. I did profit by a scholarship to a working man's college, granted to me in recognition for work done for that institution, but it was in no way connected with the university. It was, in fact, a very humble affair, housed in a rickety building at the bottom of an old timber yard, and we students did all our own housework, as no servants were kept. Indeed, it was

not at all the sort of place a Middle Class person would be keen on going to.

Mr. Bridges undertakes to tell you what I think. "Mr. Seed," he says, "thinks there is a necessary antithesis between being a workingman and being a gentleman, between being 'middle-class' and being a Socialist." Well, I do not think anything of the kind. He proceeds to fall into further errors, which, if I followed his style of controversy, I should have to describe as "a malevolent tissue of falsehoods." He states that I am a middle-class person and not a workingman. Well, both my parents worked in a cotton factory in Lancashire, and I worked for years as a reporter on the London press. If Mr. Bridges thinks that is not work, I invite him to try it. I am still working as a newspaper writer, and have never had any means of support except by working. Presumably Mr. Bridges thinks a workingman must necessarily be a manual worker, and that anyone who works with his coat on belongs to

the middle classes . . . a view based on pure snobbishness. Mr. Bridges is led into this tissue of irrelevancies by his notion that middle class people necessarily have middle class ideas and that working class people have ideas appropriate to their class. If he lived a little less in the clouds he would see that scarcely anybody has a religion or a philosophy directly deduced from the circumstances of his own life, and one who, like himself, so obviously takes his ideas at second hand is pretty certain to teach middle class morality if his "spiritual father" is a middle class man. He even labors under the typical middle class superstition that anyone who has read Karl Marx regards him as "the only infallible revealer of truth," for he makes that statement as regards myself "without a tittle of evidence," to use his own phrase. Again, I labor under no inability to understand or to believe that "Ethical leaders can be sincere in their devotion to the poor and the oppressed." If anyone said to me that Dr. Coit was in-

sincere, I should strongly dissent. I have certainly never made any such accusation. I merely say that I regard his point of view as radically wrong. Mr. Bridges appears unable to distinguish between a criticism of a man's ideas and a personal attack. This is all the more remarkable since no one is more prone to use his pen as a tomahawk. His book . . . and it may be just as well to at least mention the supposed subject of this controversy . . . consists chiefly of attacks upon Haeckel, Lodge, Chesterton, Ingersoll and Ellen Key, with side slaps at Blatchford, Mill, Admiral Moore and others. Not that that is in itself objectionable, but Mr. Bridges reminds me of one of the statements made by Mr. T. W. H. Crossland in regard to the Scotch, though I do not know whether Mr. Bridges is Scotch. Crossland says there can never be any satisfaction in fighting a Scotchman because if he beats you he beats you, and there's no more to be said, but if you beat him he calls for the police.

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I hesitate to ask more of your space to contradict further irrelevances, but I must say that if I have made any untrue statements about Dr. Coit I shall be very glad to have them pointed out, for I have for years regarded him as my friend, though conscious of a growing cleavage in our opinions. There was certainly nothing malicious in anything I said of him, and I considered my remarks relevant because they showed the source of the views expounded in Mr. Bridges' book. Mr. Bridges has failed to point to a single misstatement of fact in anything I wrote, and he even confirms some statements contained in the review, including your interpolation regarding Mr. Percival Chubb. I challenge Mr. Bridges to point out where I said the members of the Fabian Society were "sham Socialists." I said they were "essentially respectable and avowedly middle class." Since writing my review I have received a copy of *The Labour Annual* for 1916, the latest official statement regarding the Labor Movement in England, and it has been compiled with the assistance of the Fabians. In their own statement about their own society the first sentence says that they were founded by "middle class Socialists," and they go on to say they have branches in most of the universities. If any of your readers think it worth while, I hope they will write to the Fabian Society for further information, but a more pertinent thing would be to obtain from Mr. Bridges himself a statement as to how many workingmen are members of his own Ethical Society. I challenge him to make that fact known and then to continue his denial of my statement

that the Ethical gospel, as preached by him, has failed utterly to appeal to the working classes. In his concluding paragraph he attacks my manners, my judgment, and my respectability. I am well content to let your readers judge between me and him on those points.

WILLIAM H. SEED.

Our Debt to England

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 14, 1916.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

In your issue of the 11th you produce a splendid article by Horace G. Kauffman, entitled, "Our Debt to England." He confesses to a hyphenated ancestry,—German and French Swiss—and cannot be expected to feel the savage pride of race which stimulates the great nations fighting the present war.

The present writer is of English descent—his forbears coming to this continent in 1750 or thereabouts,—and the racial instinct is so strong that he (perhaps like a majority of the American people) hopes for the triumph of the English side.

It is not necessary to admit—for it is known to all men—the wonderful progress and promise of Germany in organization both in peace and war—her scientific triumphs—her theological discoveries—her courageous attempt to wrest Neptune's trident from Britannia,—but that is another story.

Mr. Kauffman takes as his text the remark of an acquaintance that he is pro-Ally "because the country owes so much to England," and proceeds to enumerate a list of the valuable contributions we have received from non-English sources. They are in substance

as follows: Free schools, secret ballot, recording of deeds and mortgages, and improvements in legal procedure.

I am willing to admit all that Brother Kauffman claims. I will admit that England is an oligarchy, where the land is controlled by the rich; that she has fallen behind in the march of industrial progress and now lags behind Germany and America, and that social conditions are almost at the breaking-point in the British isles.

But—Mr. Kauffman, like all good pleaders, only states the points favorable to his argument. Certain other points may be mentioned.

In the list of things which America does not owe to England, the name of Germany does not appear. Holland, which furnished us a large part of our Constitution, is as much English as German, and possibly was greatly influenced by her island neighbor.

From England, besides our language and religious affiliations, we did derive the following:

1. Personal liberty. France has fought for, Switzerland and Holland have maintained, the liberty of the citizen, but in no race has the right been sought and battled for more vigorously than the Anglo-Saxon. After two centuries our pulse still beats faster when we read the story of the bishops imprisoned in the tower for aiding the cause of liberty.

2. Democracy. England has twice overturned her government to secure greater popular control, anticipating France in the King-killing business by 150 years, and making her ruler, in effect, a nominee of Parliament. He is to-day a figurehead, maintained in regal

state for the purpose of impressing India and other dependencies. The Teutons once—in 1848—attempted to gain political liberty, made a feeble struggle, and relapsed into a state of vassalage under the most medieval of existing governments.

3. Liberty of the press and thought. Barring the necessary war censorship, England has been pre-eminently the land where one could do anything not inconsistent with the public welfare—described by our greatest political thinker—Jefferson—as the aim and ideal of government.

4. Last, and most important, perhaps, England has taught us the unwisdom of a military autocracy. The history of all peoples from the days of Xerxes to those of Wilhelm shows that military control, once obtained, is never voluntarily relinquished, and the Anglo-Saxon peoples from their earliest period have fought against elevating the soldier class over that which is the basis of all progress—the producing class.

Our greatest debt to England is probably one that we share with all forward-looking nations—her wonderful talent for instilling into the hearts of alien races the fear of the white peoples. In a world where Western civilization is menaced by an overwhelming preponderance of semi-savage powers from Petrograd to Tokyo, the nation that maintains white supremacy is not much removed from the nation that saved Europe at Marathon. Since her unfortunate adventure in 1776, England has developed into a super-nation in the art of handling colonies and subject peoples.

If the question were reduced to the

mere matter of language, literature and laws, I still think we owe very much to England. PERCY E. SMITH.

[Mr. Smith argues well, except that Germany maintains that she is the shield and buckler of "Western civilization . . . menaced by an overwhelming preponderance of semi-savage powers from Petrograd to Tokyo" and that she it is who fights to "maintain white supremacy." Great Britain and France are allied with Russia and Japan. The answer to which is that Germany wants to Germanize white civilization.—Editor the MIRROR.]

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Uncle Sam's Opposition

Washington, D. C., Feb. 14, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Since Mr. McCauley, in your issue of the 11th inst., pauses for a reply and looks in my direction, I will venture to give expression to my views—they may answer his question, or they may not.

He is discovering, if he has not fully discovered, that this is the most inefficient government among the civilized governments of earth. It is inefficient because our law-givers and administrators very much prefer politics to efficiency. And our law-givers and administrators play politics instead of giving us efficient government because the dear people—who are the government—don't know the difference and don't care a whoop if they did. They—the dear people—don't want to be bothered about such trifling and intangible things as efficient government; they must keep their minds exclusively on the pursuit of the nimble and elusive dollar. They don't grasp the fact that inefficient government is costing them more dollars per year than they can ever catch in their ardent chase. The tariff question has not been settled because it is too valuable a political football. What would Democrats and Republicans have to talk about on the stump if the tariff were permanently disposed of? Curiously enough, there is now a fair chance of having the tariff question settled because of a sudden veering of the political breeze. The Democrats are now advocating a tariff commission solely because they are afraid if they don't do it the Republicans will, in the present anxious hunt for telling campaign issues. The value of a tariff commission to our national economics has not entered into the question at all—it is simply a question as to who shall use the thunder. In the same way and for the same reason we shall never have an adequate army or adequate defense until we are advised of the approach of the enemy's fleet—and then it is everlastingly too late. It takes us three years to build a battleship where it takes England and Germany eighteen months. We allow three years to build a submarine where England and Germany are building one a month.

There is, however, one department of our Government in which efficiency is developed and maintained to a remarkable degree. There is nothing like it elsewhere on earth. It operates with the smoothness and precision of a well-oiled machine and it always accomplishes what it sets out to do with neatness and dispatch. That's efficiency, isn't it?

Well, read Burton Hendrick's articles in the *World's Work* on the "Pork Barrel" for the details. Here is one thing that Congress works swiftly and unanimously for. It demonstrates what Congress can really do when it puts its mind on a thing. And when you have read these articles—they are gospel truth and state but the facts—then go out behind the woodshed and express your opinion of our Government. You will have to do it there because it wouldn't be fitting in the bosom of your family and I am reasonably sure Reedy wouldn't let you do it in the MIRROR—he is pretty liberal but he is also law-abiding. Do you think Congress will adopt a budget system and forever knock out the "Pork Barrel" and destroy the one efficient thing they do? Not on your tin-type! They are too proud of their "Pork Barrel" work.

These few feeble remarks may give you a slight idea of my view of the operations of our Government. They may coincide with yours—if so, then there are two of us and the opposition is beginning to take shape and assume proportions, and this may lead to something. ESEEPPE.

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The Catholic Encyclopedia

16 East 40th Street,
New York, Feb. 11, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

My attention has been called to a letter appearing recently in your columns over the initials M. B. D., and dated Washington, January 23, 1916. The writer makes a number of gross misstatements about the Catholic Encyclopedia.

In the first place, the first subscribers to the Catholic Encyclopedia never were assured that they were getting "a bargain" at the original price and that the set would never again be sold so cheap. That is simply not true.

In the second place, the Knights of Columbus edition has always been sold to anybody who wished to buy it, and the publishers of the Encyclopedia never announced or implied in any way that this edition was restricted to the Knights of Columbus as purchasers. M. B. D.'s presumption to the contrary is as silly as it is false and on the level with his banality about Apostolic benedictions.

In the third place, the statement that the pages of the Knights of Columbus edition "were filled with excerpts from previously printed books of their own (the publishers')" is not only not true but sheer nonsense. The Knights of Columbus edition is word for word, letter for letter, identical with the original edition, in fact, printed from the same plates. Moreover, the publishers of the Catholic Encyclopedia never had and have not now any previously printed books of their own. Their sole publication is the Catholic Encyclopedia.

In the fourth place, the Knights of Columbus edition is called such because it is published under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus Catholic Truth Columbus edition is, word for word, letter for letter, identical with the original edition, in fact, printed from the same plates. Moreover, the publishers of the Catholic Encyclopedia never had and have not now any previously printed books of their own. Their sole publication is the Catholic Encyclopedia.

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been made. The original edition (in much more expensive binding and on much more expensive paper) is still being sold at the original price to those who prefer it. The Index was not sold in the beginning as it was not then contemplated. It was not until two years after the enterprise had been inaugurated that the Index was thought of. It is a supplementary volume entirely and the Encyclopedia is integral without it.

Your correspondent, M. B. D. very clearly knows nothing about the Catholic Encyclopedia. His blunders are egregious. He places me as still in St. Louis when I have been living in New York for the past fifteen years. He says that he bought a set of the Catholic Encyclopedia for \$96.00. Though living in New York, I am still from Missouri. He will have to show me.

CONDE B. PALLEN.

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An Offset to "The Follies"

St. Louis, Feb. 16, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Your last two theatrical indictments against a whole city (shades of Edmund Burke!) call forth a protest. You luxuriate in your Ziegfeld taunts against the entire community. But it seems to me you again fail to give all the facts. The week preceding the Ziegfeld performances brought such a wealth of thoroughly fine attractions that at least one group of non-theater goers numbered four performances in six days—"Yellow Jacket," "Grumpy," Paderewski and "Chinese Lantern." "Going some" for those who had resisted the lure of the theater a whole year! By the same token, that the non-theater attendants were lured out during that week, the usual devotees of latter-day productions

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By CASPER S. YOST,

Editor St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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may have been kept away—hence the jam in the succeeding Ziegfeld week. Add to that some allowance for those who had their taste of Joseph Urban's scenes in the Boston Opera, and were willing to pay the price of Ziegfeldery to see more of Mr. Urban's wonderful work. Then please re-read Mr. Hiram Kelly Moderwell's stimulating "The Theater To-day," particularly Chapter XV, *et seq.*, and pray consider whether you shouldn't be a bit more charitable. Don't diatribe us all the time. Diatribe the existing wasteful, discouraging theatrical organization and management

of the whole English and American stage (*vide* Moderwell, *supra*).

And as to us locally, pray encourage us when a devoted public goes to a spot more off of the beaten path than the Olympic, braving a veritable deluge, to see "The Chinese Lantern," given by amateurs under the direction of Sam Hume, with Sam Hume's wonderful dome-lighting effects and stage settings. Not one night, but two, and two lectures by Sam Hume besides. (He's a drouth-breaker; it rained each of the four nights.) They were capacity houses each night.

Denounce the Ziegfeld folly and God-speed you, but give us at least one grain of hope. And in your denouncing pray denounce the greatest folly of all—present English and American theatrical management and methods, and encourage the genuine art-loving people who love to find inspiration in the columns of the MIRROR.

NON-THEATER GOER.

[The MIRROR congratulated St. Louisans on their patronage of "Grumpy," "The Yellow Jacket," "Chinese Lanterns" and Sam Hume's lectures.]

Far Kine Have Long Horns

Philadelphia, Feb. 8, 1916.

Editor Reedy's Mirror:

As another illustration (if another were needed) of drop-jawed credulity and disposition to believe tales of travelers, let me ask brief consideration of the current belief in German efficiency. I confess that until quite recently I was as open-mouthed as anyone and swallowed the extravagant claims which have been so freely made regarding German efficiency, proficiency and ability with all the simple faith and thoughtlessness that is so touching in children and so pitiful in grownups. But my eyes have been opened by a globe-trotting friend who has traveled extensively through Germany. Upon my expressing, parrot-like, an admiration for German efficiency he seemed somewhat surprised and asked where I got the notion. I told him, from books, magazines, newspapers and public speakers; also that the belief was widespread in the United States that the Germans were the most efficient people in the world, not only in war but in industry, politics, education, the arts, science, social welfare, etc.

Whereupon Mr. Globetrotter assured me he had not seen anything while he was in Germany to warrant such a belief. On the contrary, he had found the German less efficient than the English and much less so than the American. He thought the notion must have arisen from hasty or careless observation; from judgment based on appearances or from surface considerations, which, as everyone knows, lead to conclusions wholly at variance with those formed by study and close analysis. His own opinion was that the average German is efficient only as a well-trained child is efficient and that he has all the limitations of children. From infancy to old age he is moved about and directed by a truly paternal government. He has no initiative and no self-reliance, learns by drilling to do one thing well, looks to his government for guidance in all sorts of affairs and never

grows out of docile dependence upon it, his virtues and faults being those of a slave, not those of a freeman.

As for the governing class, he maintained that it was not essentially different from governing classes everywhere, since it is made up of people who are

on top, who live by the labor of others, whose ambition is to continue to do so, who exhaust every means of gaining and keeping power, who are constantly "making work" and creating offices; in brief, a huge bureaucracy, ignorant, brutal, dictatorial, domineering, tyrannical, defended by lies and propped by bayonets.

Industry, in Germany, he claimed, is supervised by government officials, which simply increases the cost of production by the amount of their salaries. It is further handicapped by monstrous



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tariffs and more monstrous subsidies, while a military system still further robs the worker of the best years of his life and adds a lifelong burden to his back. The real wonder is that the German is as efficient as he is, when you consider how he is handicapped and interfered with.

Employment is as pressing a problem in Germany as it is elsewhere, notwithstanding the efforts of government officials to find or make work for the unemployed, which, even when successful, is always at the expense of other workers. Nor is poverty less acute in Germany than in other countries. It is there, but covered up. The slums of Berlin, for example, are hidden behind houses with handsome fronts. The stranger would not suspect that back of these fronts the same extreme poverty exists as in the slums of other cities. In fact, many visitors to Berlin have declared that there are no slums there. Of course, they never looked for them. If they had they would have found them.

Now the corroborative evidence in support of Mr. Globetrotter's position is that very many Germans emigrate. People do not emigrate except to better their condition. Many thousands of Germans have settled in the United States. Everybody counts some Germans among his acquaintances. Have Germans here shown that wonderful ability which is attributed to the German nation? It has been my privilege to know quite a number. I gladly testify to their many admirable personal traits. I have found them genial, generous, sociable, wholesome, companionable. They are industrious, yet like to play; busy without being busybodies; thrifty without being parsimonious and the very best of neighbors, but as workers I would not say from my experience that they excel workers of other nationalities or show any evidence of the marvelous efficiency which has been attributed to them. In any event, here's a difference of opinion. Assuming that both sides are right and both wrong, I am inclined to think that if I were ordained and called to preach I would say that the lesson to be drawn from all this is that one should not lend a too credent ear to tales of travelers about people thousands of miles away; nor thoughtlessly believe what everybody believes; nor thoughtlessly repeat what everybody says.

C. F. SHANDREW.

♦♦♦

A Ceramic Show

From the announcements of meetings of various associations which regularly appear in the daily papers one would imagine that every form of society and labor and religious effort in this city was very well organized. Investigation discloses that there is no ceramic club. What is the nucleus for a very fine one is the display at the Laclede Gas Company's office of the work of between fifty and sixty St. Louis artists, beautifully grouped and perfectly lighted. This display represents the work of professionals and amateurs, society folk and department store instructors, individuals and schools. It embraces all branches of china painting—conventional, figure and naturalistic. There are portraits

on tile and reproductions of famous paintings; there are vases which look like copper and others which simulate sea-foam. There is a loan exhibit, from the St. Louis Zoological Society, of paintings on tile of birds and animals of the Forest Park zoo, executed by Mr. W. H. Barron. The exhibit is well worth viewing and has the added advantage of being very accessible: main floor of the Laclede Gas building at Eleventh and Olive.

♦♦♦

New Books

By Alma Meyer

"Scully," by Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co., 75c.

Just a common, ordinary, everyday scrub; a stray that successfully resisted man's attempt to drown him; a tiny, forlorn puppy that metamorphosed into an ungainly, clumsy giant of a dog—such was *Scully*. He was not beautiful nor pedigreed nor versed in parlor tricks; he performed no superhuman deeds of heroism; he was often in the way and he was guilty of all the horribly tantalizing, provoking things of which any dog was ever accused. And, doglike, his tenacity of purpose and his loyalty were monumental.

This *Scully* is the central figure around which is woven a very alluring little story, with more than the usual meed of interesting, common-sense people. Every dog-lover will enjoy "Scully," and those few abnormal folk not included in this class will be entertained by its practical philosophy, kindness, humor and romance. (Incidentally, they'll be converted into dog-lovers.)

♦

"Jerusalem," by Selma Lagerlof. New York: Doubleday-Page & Co.

Briefly, "Jerusalem" is the poignant portrayal of the struggle between love of home and country and love of God—amounting to fanaticism—in the hearts of a simple, sincere people.

The scene is a small Swedish community, centuries old, where generation has succeeded generation in the same vocations and habitations. The characters are high principled, industrious, peaceful peasants, taking life very seriously and being governed in all things by their religious convictions. *Ingmar*, plowing his field and in an imaginary conversation with his father—long dead—consulting him as to his conduct of life and the homestead, is but one of the many examples of the ingenuousness of the people and their regard for the old ways of doing things. Suddenly the community is disturbed by the appearance of an evangelist from over the seas, a man of magnetic personality, who preaches a strange doctrine and upsets all their customs. In an excess of religious zeal his disciples literally follow the biblical injunction to "sell all . . . and follow Me." The result is chaos. Brother is set against brother and husband against wife. Many abandon their beloved homes, the homes of their ancestors, and depart on the hazardous journey to Jerusalem, there to form a colony that shall exemplify the teachings of Christ. Foolhardy? Idiotic? Yes. But Mme. Lagerlof convinces us that such action was reasonable and inevitable. Her description of the exodus

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IN

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PATIENCE WORTH

A Psychic Mystery,

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"Many moons ago, I lived, again I come, Patience Worth my name." The mystery of Patience Worth is one every reader may endeavor to solve for himself.

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GRAND-LEADER SIXTH WASHINGTON SEVENTH & LUCAS SAINT LOUIS

is exquisitely done and the truancy of the children is but the keynote of the anguish of their parents.

This story won for Miss Lagerlof the Nobel prize for 1915, and is destined to win for her the praise of all into whose hands it may fall. It is gripping in its heart interest, in its delineation of the characters of her countrymen. To attempt anything like an adequate analysis would be an injustice; the simplicity and sympathy of the author's narrative compel the reader to live the scenes she depicts—an infrequent achievement which surely should not be nullified. Of this book it may truly be said that it is beautiful, both in its sentiment and in its execution.

♦

"Wood and Stone," a romance by John Cowper Powys. G. Arnold Shaw, New York, 1915.

This volume, which on his title page the author terms a romance, and which in his preface he says "gathers round what is, perhaps, one of the most absorbing and difficult problems of our age," is, from two wholly unrelated points of view, a production of most unusual interest. The scenes of the story are laid in Wessex, England, and a dedicatory page bears this inscription:

DEDICATED

With Devoted Admiration
To The Greatest Poet and Novelist
of Our Age
THOMAS HARDY

Mr. Powys writes: "One could hardly have the audacity to plant one's poor standard in the heart of Wessex without obeisance being paid to the literary overlord of that suggestive region. It must be understood, however, that the temerity of the author does not carry him so far as to regard his eccentric story as in any sense an attempted

imitation of the Wessex novelist. Mr. Hardy cannot be imitated. The mention of his admirable name at the beginning of this book is no more than a humble salutation addressed to the monarch of that particular country, by a wayward nomad, lighting a bivouac-fire, for a brief moment, in the heart of a land that is not his."

The "absorbing and difficult problem" alluded to by the author relates to the old, world-old, struggle between the "well-constituted" and the "ill-constituted," which has engaged the thought of Nietzsche and which declares the secret of the universe can be reached only along the lines of power, courage "romance" is to prove that, on the contrary, the hidden and basic law of and pride. The writer's aim in his things is not Power but Sacrifice, not Pride, but Love.

Making use only of a refined psychology analysis of the human mind, of human motives, of the well-springs of human seeking, and stripping his tale of the adventitious aids of melodrama, Mr. Powys has produced a composition of superior art and interest. For one thing, the intimate coloring of his stage settings discloses that he knew, even as his hand, his locale. It is of itself gratifying, to jaded readers, that a modern writer takes the pains to inform himself concerning that of which he purposes to write—so many of them don't, you know—and from this close fellowship with his arena of action the author has easily been able to lend to his readers a striking and gratifying mental replica of the restricted but diverse field which this action covers.

Devoid, as has been said, of the high-lights of tragic plottings, of murder, arson and sudden death, the story nevertheless is so woven as to wear an almost mystic interest for any who

do not demand that their fiction shall be fed to them with a sauce of still warm blood, and who can become fascinated by problems other than those whose unveiling requires the superman sagacity of a Sherlock Holmes or a Dupin. The subtle conflicts of opposing human wills are there. The arising to glorious heights of sacrifice and daring of a torn and, one would have thought, feeble soul, is there. Cruelties which were dealt with kisses, refinements of mental torture, crossed and tangled links of love's unending chain, these and their like artfulnesses supply the thrills of grosser artists than is Powys. It is a strong and wholly unusual story. Its character depictions are filled with artistry. Its style is somewhat more than superior, as one might gather from that bit of quoted preface, a few lines back.

As to the author's upholding of the issue he joins with so redoubtable a blade as Nietzsche's the decision may be left in the hands of the individual reader. The question of whether power and pride possess higher and more certain capacities to grasp the inner secret than do sacrifice and love, is so formidable that its discussion necessarily is adequately impossible within such limits as are here prescribed.

Mr. Powys' book contains nearly 200,000 words, but no reader of reflective habit of thought will find its perusal a task.

♦♦♦
"Taormina," by Raley Husted Bell. New York: Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.

An artist casts aside his brushes and paints resplendently with words! Forced by accident to spend months in Taormina, the sheer beauty of the place so permeated his being that he felt compelled to write about it—its origin, legends, history, products, language, appearance, people. The reading public, particularly the non-traveling public, should be grateful to him for so doing.

Taormina, a quiescent little ruin of a city, sleeps in the shade of Mount Etna. Although within its drab walls Greeks, Romans, Franks, Germans and Spaniards have made history, although hundreds of famous men from Pythagoras down to Robert Hichens have sojourned there, Etna's "real concern has been with the glories of sunset and the serenities of dawn." Mr. Bell deems Taormina the most beautiful place in all the world—marred only by some of its alien citizens; he attributes to it an incomparable charm and declares that the very walls irradiate a subtle something which one is accustomed to see only in the sweet faces of some very old persons. Also he admits that various unappreciative tourists are justified in calling Taormina filthy, uninhabitable. To reconcile these statements he says that Taormina appeals to one according to one's soul. However that may be, there is no disputing the beauty of Mr. Bell's description of present day Taormina.

♦♦♦
Master—Norah seems quite gone on that letter-carrier! Mistress—Gone! Why, she actually mails a post-card to herself every night, so he'll be sure to call at the house next morning.—*Boston Transcript*.

New Books Received

THE MARTYR'S RETURN. By Percival W. Wells. Wantagh, N. Y.: Bartlett Publishing Co. \$1.00 net.

The spirit of Lincoln returns to converse on present day topics with a Civil War veteran. National questions treated from a new-old angle.

SOCIALISM AND WAR. By Louis B. Boudin. New York: New Review Publishing Assn. \$1.00 net.

A theoretical analysis of the economic basis of imperialism, of the political and economic development resulting in the war, and of Socialism, Capitalism and War in general.

THE REAL ADVENTURE. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50 net.

An engrossing story of conflicting interests and ideas handled freshly and wisely.

THE QUEST FOR DEAN BRIDGMAN CONNER. By Anthony J. Philpott. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

The authentic narrative and documentary record of the search conducted by Mr. Philpott under the direction of the United States government, the Boston Globe and the Society for Psychical Research for the young Vermont man who disappeared in Mexico. Good spook-stuff for Patience Worthites. It blows-up Mrs. Piper.

DRAMATIC WORKS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN. Vol. VI. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: E. W. Huebsch; \$1.50 net.

This volume contains "The Maidens of the Mount," "Griselda" and "Gabriel Schilling's Flight." These translations are said to be wonderful. Mr. Lewisohn has been put to many devices to carry over Hauptmann's effects—in dialect, for example—into the English and those competent to pass judgment upon his work say he has done wondrous well. This is the only complete translation of Hauptmann in English.

JUSTICE IN WARTIME. By Bertrand Russell. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.; \$1.00.

An Englishman's idea of an impartial consideration of the war and its causes and effects. Bertrand Russell is of some note as a philosopher. He does not quite get anywhere in his thinking about the war. When he is about to reach a definite, strong conclusion his patriotic "amour propre" pulls him back. The answer to his argument is ancient: "Amidst arms the laws are silent."

DRUSILLA WITH A MILLION. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.; \$1.25.

The account of a friendless old woman, the drudge of an Old Ladies' Home, who suddenly inherits a million, and what she does with it. A very pleasant story indeed and well told.

A DIPLOMA AND THE WHIRLWIND. By Vladimir Dantchenko. Boston: Luce & Co.; \$1.25.

Two short novels of contrasting social environment: one laid in the country of the Cossacks, made famous by Gogol, the other in fashionable Petrograd.

THE BET AND OTHER TALES. By Anton Tchekhov. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.; \$1.25.

A volume of new stories by a popular and powerful and pessimistic Russian writer.

MARXIAN SOCIALISM AND RELIGION. By John Spargo. New York: E. W. Huebsch; \$1.00 net.

A Socialist's argument to show that there is nothing incompatible in religion and socialism as based on the Marxian system.

THE OPEN BOOK. By Madeline Bridges. New York: The Knickerbocker Press.

A collection of light verse by a writer who has much good poetry to her credit. She is Madeline Bridges when her vein is humorous. As Mary Anne De Vere she has done lyrics that reveal her in the rank of Mrs. Meynell Katharine Tynon Hinkson, Moira O'Neill. At her highest, as in this volume, she never lacks in grace and distinction and cultured spirit.

SONGS OF THE STREETS AND BYWAYS. By William Herschell. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill; \$1.00.

Charming colloquial verse of everyday people, done in the true tradition of the Indiana school, of whom the greatest is Riley.

REVELATIONS OF AN INTERNATIONAL SPY. By I. T. T. Lincoln. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.; \$1.50.

Lincoln is the international spy, born in Hungary, ordained an Episcopal clergyman, elected to the British parliament, whose arrest by and escape from the United States authorities have filled many columns of the American press. In this volume he recounts his alleged labors and adventures, disclosing the pretense of world politics, the deceptions of cabinets and the intrigues of diplomacy. Not much more convincing than Armengard Graves' like "spoofings."

WITHIN THE TIDES. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday-Page; \$1.35.

Four short stories: "The Planter of Malata," "The Partner," "The Inn of the Two Witches," and "Because of the Dollars." This is the second printing of this volume by the Polish master of English prose. Not only is the prose good; the psychology of these stories is uncannily searching. He takes his time in telling a tale, does Conrad, but at the end he's got you and you can't escape.

MY LADY'S DRESS. By Edward Knoblauch. New York: M. A. O'Connor.

A dream play built around the tragedy and comedy that go into the making of a woman's

The Most POWERFUL Book Of Short Stories by any living American Writer is Lyon's

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These fifteen tales by Harris Merton Lyon are done by a man of rare genius—a man whose work you simply must know if you are interested in short-story masterpieces. No consideration of present day American literature is complete without an inclusion of Lyon's masterful studies of our life. GRAPHICS ranks shoulder to shoulder with the shorter work of Hauptmann, Sudermann, Tchekov, de Maupassant. The unforgettable "2000th Christmas" is known to Socialists the world over.

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Published by William Marion Reedy,

St. Louis, Mo.

gown. This play was a big hit in London just before the war, but it did not take in New York at all, when transplanted. It was not sent on the road. It is a good play in every respect in which a play can be good.

THE VOICE OF IRELAND. By Peter Golden. New York: M. A. O'Connor.

Poems of Ireland. Mr. Golden is not a Redmondite, or a Dillonite. He is intransigently Irish. He is practically pro-Kaiser and he is a master of the virulent vituperative in verse. Not infrequently the glow of passion is in his song, even though he adheres faithfully to the old models of Irish poetry in English. Pro-Germans will like Mr. Peter Golden's poems. He deserves the iron cross or the order of the red eagle that was given to St. Louis' famous police chief, Matthew Kiely.

As Others See Us

By Thomas Stewart MacNicol

In Owen Wister's rosy-red-hot "Pentecost of Calamity," (Macmillans, New York) it is intimated that very little of the geography of the United States is taught in the schools of Germany. That may be true, but there is no danger that the same charge can be made concerning our literature.

From Doubleday, Page and Co., comes a little book translated from the German of Prof. Leon Kellner by Julia Franklin, and called "American Literature." In this little treatise, not only does the learned professor recognize and acknowledge that we have a literature, thereby contradicting some of our would-be-superior critics, but he finds greatness and genius in places we neglect and disparage. Particularly is this true in the cases of Harriet Beecher Stowe, James Russell Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. In a lesser degree it is also true of Helen Hunt Jackson, Joel Chandler Harris, Stephen A. Foster and others.

Many of our own critics have come to believe that the great, the very great, success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was largely, if not entirely, an accidental one; that the story was not much better than an ordinary "blood and thunder novel," and only political circumstances made it famous. To these critics Prof. Kellner would say: "The book was no accident. It had genius behind it. If it contained no other characters but Marie St. Claire and Ophelia, we should recognize the hand of an inspired creative artist, for they are two consummate portraits." He also recognized in George Harris, the mulatto, another inspired and prophetic creation, and the real hero of the book. It was no accident or sentimental reason that Uncle Tom; of pure African blood,

should fail and die under the treatment given him, while the mulatto, Harris, lives and triumphs over his circumstances. Prof. Kellner finds this the keynote and lesson of the story. He also finds, what has escaped our own best critics, that Harriet Beecher Stowe understood the problem of negro slavery better than most of the authorities of her day; that she foretold that the negro was not ripe for freedom, and that the time immediately following emancipation would be worse than slavery times. She predicted that the negro faced years of sorest trials, and that it would take a long, slow process of purifying educational processes to fit these semi-animals for the duties of human beings.

Prof. Kellner calls Holmes "the most representative writer of the Nineteenth Century, a unique phenomenon that has no parallel among the writers of any age." He asserts that if all other books were destroyed, it would still be possible to trace all the marvelous developments of this wonder century in natural science and invention, intellectual and political emancipation from the works of Holmes alone.

In James Russell Lowell our German friend finds the author who wrote the American Declaration of Independence of England. This was in 1848, and the book was "A Fable for Critics." Before this time all our literature was modeled mainly from English originals. Lowell followed his secession with the "Bigelow Papers," where, for the first time, the Yankee dialect was used in a recognized literary work.

"The first American writer to become known in Europe," says Prof. Kellner, "was Franklin; the first to be read was Cooper, but the first to convince Europe that America had a literature, was Hawthorne." In the "Scarlet Letter" the critics recognized a real masterpiece, fit to rank along with "Pere Goriot," "The Newcomes" and "Anna Karenina."

Poe, Emerson and Longfellow are given the places usually assigned them in our own estimates. In other words, this German critic has no doubt about their genius and their places, both in our own literature and in the literature of the world. He is particularly fond of Longfellow, not only because "he is the poet of optimism, whose province was the good and noble in human na-

ture," but because of his love for and indebtedness to Germany. Bryant and Whittier are given generous treatment, the latter for his spiritual power and influence.

On Walt Whitman, this German critic acknowledges his utter helplessness. He finds that Whitman has but one thing in common with other writers, and that is that he thinks and speaks in words. "Is he a poet? It is difficult to say, for his material is not always poetical." His one striking trait is self-absorption or egotism, yet this egotism is unselfish and humane. It is plain the Herr Professor does not like the poetry and he declares that his (Whitman's) message was anticipated and much better expressed by Emerson in fewer words. Whitman hasn't any imitators and but few followers in Germany.

But if Prof. Kellner and Germany do not appreciate "Old Walt," they make up for it by loving and praising Mark Twain, even if he did have his fun with them in "A Tramp Abroad." Prof. Kellner is authority for the statement that there are more translations of Mark Twain's works in Germany than of any other English or American writer. They like Mark, not only for his new kind of humor, but for his fine humanity, his idealism and gentleness, and for the fine gallery of paintings of contemporary American life he produced in his forty years of activity as an author. "All strata, all callings, all climes, all temperaments and destinies are represented in him. The pompous Senator is not spared; the poor nigger not forgotten."

Although this book praises many of our writers, there is only one kind of literature wherein he admits we have made a success commensurate with our greatness in other respects. This branch is—history. Our great historians, Bancroft, Motley, Prescott and Parkman he compares to the makers of epics in other lands. He has a theory to account for this failure of ours to line up to our opportunities. This is, not that we have been too busy subduing the wilderness and developing our resources to have time for literature; but simply because we were too close to the great facts either to comprehend them fully, or find adequate words to express them. Voltaire and Chateaubriand saw and utilized the Indian long before our own writers.

Cooper and Helen Hunt Jackson are praised for their comprehension and presentation of the Indian. Joel Chandler Harris is, after Mrs. Stowe, the greatest writer to depict negro life in America, and Stephen Foster is praised for his plantation melodies. Henry Adams is praised for his "Democracy" and Frank Norris for the "Octopus."

Prof. Kellner devotes considerable space to James and Howells, seemingly more because it seems due them, from the estimation found current here, than from anything he finds to praise in the works themselves.

James Lane Allen is heralded as the finest writer that came from the Middle West, and two of his books, "The Choir Invisible" and "The Kentucky Cardinal" are highly praised.

When we think of our own slight

knowledge of German literature, outside of a few world-figures, we are amazed at this comprehensive study of our short period of literary activity. Nor is this the only German book on the subject that has reached this side. In the great Tauchnitz Library there is "A Handbook of American Literature," which has more varied and interesting items concerning our writers and their works, than any similar book that I have seen published here. For instance these, plucked at random: It was the father of Nathaniel Willis, the poet, who founded the *Youth's Companion* in 1827. * * * Poe said the best ghost story he ever read was "Grayling," by Sims. * * * Sarah J. Hale, who wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb," was the chief factor in getting Thanksgiving as a national holiday. * * * Froude said of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic": It is among the finest histories in this or in any language. * * * John Neal, who wrote the novel, "Rachel Dyer, a Story of the Salem Witchcraft," was the first American to argue for woman suffrage. He also was the first critic to aid and encourage Edgar Poe.

If, as Owen Wister avers, Germany is deficient in our geography, she is more than generous to us in literature.

Exhibition of China Painting and Ceramic Decoration

February 21st to 26th

TO stimulate and further the interest in China Painting and Ceramic Decoration in St. Louis, we have given over the Main Floor of our Office Building at 11th and Olive streets to the Artists of this City for the display, and sale, if desired, of their work in all its branches.

More than fifty Artists have availed themselves of this opportunity to display the many beautiful products of their talent, so that those who attend may see what is being done locally in this art.

On behalf of the Exhibitors, we extend a cordial invitation to the people of St. Louis to witness this charming and instructive display.

**Exhibition hours will be from
8 A. M. to 5 P. M. daily**

THE LACLEDE GAS LIGHT CO.

Olive and Eleventh

Main 4800

Central 3800

The Master Builder

Big business in this country is possible because, primarily, it is properly housed—*ergo*, big business has been made possible by the architect. For, as economy is the foundation upon which big business rests, and as what the system people call "efficiency"—which is economy plus—is impossible unless the housing of the business provides for it, the men who have revolutionized the building art in the last generation are the most important factors in the commercial and industrial world to-day. Big business takes its toll from the saving that has been made under the new methods, for it is not to be doubted that under the old regime, when the elements of a business were assembled without much regard to space or time, there was a loss that would stand for a bigger profit than the manufacturer or merchant took.

The skyscraper—the product of American architectural genius—was really the solvent of the problem of how to conserve time and space. It made possible the utilization of airy spaces that had no value and it brought into compact form the many angles of modern enter-

prise. Also it created the American city of to-day, that wonder of the world which is responsible for the greatness that is being thrust upon us. For, after all, it is in the congested centers where the sky-line is made by the cornices of many-storied buildings, that the work of the country is carried on. We are given to prosing a good deal about agriculture and its votaries and how the sweat of the masses is coined into wealth by the soft-palmed gentry who sit around in upholstered chairs and do nothing but think, but as a matter of fact, there would not be much doing in agriculture and the perspiring masses would be sweating to very little purpose if the soft-palmed ones were not massed in skyscrapers where they can readily get into touch with others who want to buy or sell the product of the farm and the foundry.

It is a great thing for a man to have been able to create a great industrial enterprise, but it is even a greater thing to be able to meet the requirements of the captain of industry and furnish him a housing that makes it possible for him to realize on his enterprising ambition; it is splendid to have the wealth and ambition to provide materials for building, but it is even finer to be able

to take those materials and so assemble them as to provide economical and sanitary quarters for thousands where but ten dwelt before.

Can you conceive of St. Louis without its skyscrapers? Can you, by any stretch of the imagination, conceive of a four-story sky-line in the down town district? Of course not. Then you come to understand what the genius of the architect has done in the matter of making possible the commercial and industrial growth of the city.

Consider, for instance, the Railway Exchange Building—and it is worth while considering as being the largest office building in the world. It stands for a big investment, of course, but it stands for more than that, for it is the ultimate expression of the genius of the master builder. Who cares who provided the money? That was a mere matter of investment, but one should care for the thing itself, the splendid achievement of the architect, John L. Mauran and his associates of the firm of Mauran, Russell & Crowell.

Mr. Mauran—who, by the way, is president of the American Institute of Architects—found the means for assembling so much steel and iron and cement and bricks and stone and welded them into a whole so stupendous that it is in a class by itself. This one construction houses a city full of people, engaged in so many and so varied lines of enterprise that it embraces practically all the activities of a city. It has a fixed daylight population equal to that of cities of the tenth class and its transient population is that of a city of the fifth class. Under the directing genius of John L. Mauran and his associates it was brought into being in a comparatively few months; its foundations resting upon caissons in the shifting sand and its roof rearing twenty-one stories into the empyrean.

Now that is an achievement that makes for the amplification of opportunities for the exercise of man's activities, wherefore it is of dominant importance and its builder is the master of his art. It is cited as the most obvious of the works of Mr. Mauran and his associates, but those works have been varied and important. They left an impress on this city and on the development of the community life that could not be affected by the mere erection of monuments, for the great building is at once a monument, a work of art and a strictly utilitarian creation.

It is the presence of this sort of creative genius that makes for the splendor of St. Louis; its exercise in this community is of more importance than many things over which we "make a fuss," and resumption of building activities throughout the country should, as it no doubt will, redound to the advantage of Mr. Mauran and his confreres, Messrs. Ernest J. Russell and William D. Crowell.

♦♦♦

Miss Vine—Do you favor women proposing?

Mrs. Oaks—Certainly not. When a woman picks out a man she should make him propose.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Alone in Gotham

By McCorkle McNabb

I made my first deal on Wall street this morning. Bought \$6 worth of Pancho Villa paper money, issued in the name of the State of Chihuahua, for a nickel. One bill for cinco pesos, the other for un peso.

Two portraits adorn each issue. One is of Francisco Madero, the other of a plump-faced gentleman with double chin and drooping mustachios, name to this deponent unknown.

The five-spot bears the serial number 365,232; the one, 7,519,230. Pancho's boys had a-plenty printed, while they were at it. The money was made here in New York, but never shipped to the border.

It is now sold along the curb in this city at a discount, as noted above and is, I presume, rated as among the more highly speculative investments offered here.

Pancho should have gone along with Venustiano. But he let the devil of ambition whisper into his ear. Or maybe he is just one of those men who are constitutionally unable to yield obedience to authority. I suspect the latter is the better explanation. Carranza is a man—a very serious, far-sighted, grown-up man. Pancho is just a little boy grown up. A lot of us are that way. Incapable of controlling our acts with cold reason. Impatient of any restraints. Preferring to pay the price of passionate impulse, rather than go along with the cold-blooded and divide the loot.

When Carranza, back in Juarez, twenty-two months ago, told me what, with the help of high heaven, he meant to get done for Mexico, I had a hunch he'd go through. He didn't look like a man in a hurry. He looked like a man who had plenty of time. He made me think of the eight-year job George Washington finished in 1784 or thereabouts. There was something of Lincoln's patience in Carranza's eyes, of Grant's stubbornness in his heavy, bearded chin. The wits of the American press would not have done so much joking about Carranza's whiskers if they had ever marked the resolute lines of the jaw those whiskers root in.

Woodrow Wilson has said he learned the truth about Mexico by listening to a multitude of liars. I'll bet my \$6 worth of Chihuahua currency against a share of Rock Island common, Carranza never lied to him. He's a man slow to speak, and slow of speech once started. He weighs his words. He has known, clearly, definitely, from the beginning, exactly what he wished to get done; and has had a fairly clear vision of the way he was going to get it done. Being an old man, therefore not in a hurry, he knew he had time enough. It takes ten to fifteen years for a pecan orchard to begin bearing nuts enough to be worth picking for sale. And it's a proverb in the pecan country that only the old men have patience to plant pecan orchards and wait for them to begin bearing. Young men can't wait so long. Pancho couldn't wait.

New York City's underground street railways are the largest system of mov-

ing sidewalks in the world. That's what they are—moving sidewalks. During a good part of the day three-fourths or more of the passengers ride standing. During the morning and evening rush hours the ten-car express trains carry an average of 1,000 to 1,200 persons each. I have used as many as four cars going from Broad and Wall streets up to 86th and Broadway. This way: You get just a foothold on the first car's platform. At the next station you step off to let a few passengers get out. You are a countryman, so the crowd rushing to get on beats you to it. You can't even get a foothold on that car again. You wait for the next one, get another foothold, and at the next station repeat.

I reckon the most amazing thing I've seen in New York is a man rising to give his seat to a woman in a subway train. I've seen it done four times in a month. Two of the men were boy scouts, not over 12 years old.

The ordinary street car jam, in St. Louis or Chicago or Kansas City, say, is a tea party compared with the New York subway rush.

The subway's the thing for New York—a city of one dimension, namely, length. For St. Louis, L roads, including an outer loop and lines radiating from the city center to North, West and South, would get equal speed at a small fraction of cost. A down town subway loop receiving all L trains and interurbans might be worth while.

♦♦♦

Coming Shows

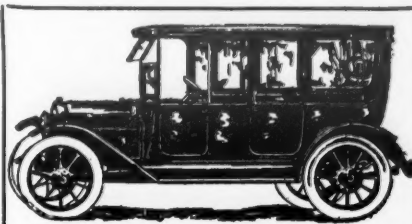
A beautiful, joyous, friendly play is "Young America," which will open a week's engagement at the Olympic next Sunday night. It's a play about a boy—and a dog. Don't miss the dog! The play shows how to sweeten, soften and strengthen the street boy. No preaching in the play, either. A fine cast present the drama: Peggy Wood, Doris Kelly, Dorothy Fox Slaytor, Adella Barker, Otto Kruger, William Sampson, Forrest Robinson, Charles Frohman Everett and Benny Sweeney. Last, but not least, the dog, Jasper, recently given a gold medal by the Stage Society of New York, for being the cleverest animal actor on the American stage. A play to make you renew your youth and love everybody.

♦

"Town Topics," musical extravaganza, which cost \$150,000 to put on, and is worth it, comes to the Shubert next Sunday night. There will be an extra matinee Friday. Indeed, if it takes here as it has in New York, Chicago and Detroit, it may be necessary to give it twice a day. It is the last word of gorgeosity and liveliness. And the company! Trixie Friganza, her luscious, laughing, lyric self; Bert Leslie, king of all slang-slingers; Lew Hearn, from the London Hippodrome; Bonita, from "Wine, Women and Song"; Wellington Gross and his delicious partner, Lois Josephine; Lilian Herlein, prima donna; Marie Lavarre, Artie Mehlinger, Peter Page, Mabel Elaine, John Johnson and Jimmy Fox. A whole milky way of stars! It's almost a tableau vivant of Col. Mann's paper, *Town Topics*. It comes on a train of twelve cars.

♦

De Wolf Hopper as "Don Quixote" is



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Saint Louis

the big thing in the Triangle plays at the American Theater next week, commencing at 11 a. m. Sunday. Nobody living is more fitted to the part than Hopper. Presented in pictures of the Triangle kind, the great novel cannot fail to be a tremendous hit with all sorts and conditions of people. There will be two Keystone comedies by Mack Sennett, "Cinders of Love," with Chester Conklin, and "His Pride and Shame," with Ford Sterling. The Ince Kay Bee production will be "The Last Act," with Bessie Barriscale, Clara Williams and Carrie Keenan. This is a picture play of the stage and a very remarkable one. The bill is the best so far and shows the resources of the Triangle organization.

♦

"The Clock Shop" is a feature of next week's Columbia bill. It is a beautiful, novel musical fantasy. John L. Golden wrote it; Sam Chip and Mary Marvel are the principal stars in a company of ten. The love of two little Dutch clocks is complicated by grandfather's clock, the false alarm clock, the cuckoo clock and other clocks. Father Time, the Town Crier and the Clock-maker take a hand. The result is a charming bit of whimsical, wistful, humor. Cecil Cunningham, formerly prima donna with the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Co., will render four new songs by Jean Haves: "Bringing In," "Publicity," "The Story of Her Life" and "Phoebe's Show Dream." Long Tack Sam, a wonderful Chinese magician with a good company, provides prestidigitation thrills. Jack Donohue and Alice Marion Stuart have a sparkling nonsense stunt called "Him and Her." Eunice Burnham and Charles Irwin do a song sketch at the piano. "Three Types," a Jesse Lasky production, is unique. Grace Fisher, the sunshine girl, a Harrison Fisher model; the novelty

Clintons, in jumping performances, and the Orpheum Travel Weekly top off the entertainment.

❖

To the Grand Opera House come next Monday, Cheerbert's Manchurians, wonderful Oriental athletes, equilibrists, jugglers and what not. Their stunts are a succession of marvels. They all but balance on their queues. Homer Lind, well liked in St. Louis because of long engagements here, assisted by his accomplished wife, will appear in their latest composition, "The Singing Teacher," full of singing, comedy and violin virtuosity. Jackson & Maclaren, Australians, in a tree-felling exposition will prove their title as "champion axemen of the world." Joe Norcross, the oldest living Elk, aged eighty, and Banks Winter, aged seventy, will revive the songs of yesteryear. Other features are: the Kremka Brothers, eccentric and comedy acrobats; the Lampinis, European illusionists, presenting "The Flying Phonographs"; Karl, novelty musician; Redwood and Gordon in "After the Hunt"; Wagner and Bruhn, novelty skaters, and new animated and comedy pictures.

❖

Anna Berneck and Willy Schoeller will be the recipients of a double benefit on Sunday, February 27, at the Victoria Theater. They will appear in brilliant roles in the delightful new Vienna operetta, "Ein Walzer von Strauss" (A Waltz of Strauss). Miss Berneck, though capable in comedy and dramatic parts, is especially successful in her operatic efforts, possessing both acting and singing gifts of high order. Willy Schoeller is a versatile actor and a singer, a poet and a composer as well. The operetta ran 300 nights in Berlin. Sunday night's presentation will be the first in America.

❖

Dear old "Chimes of Normandy." The Park Opera Company will put it on at the Park next Monday evening. Planquette's opera is perennially good. But with Francis J. Boyle as buffo-basso, and Arthur Burckly, tenor, and Frank Moulán, as *Gaspard*, the production will be *de luxe*. Mabel Wilber as *Germaine*, Louise Allen as *Serpolette*, George Natanson as *Henri*, Billy Kent as the Notary—say, that will be *some* cast. And over all, the witching music of the "Chimes." The next offering at the Park is a revival worth while.

❖

If you've missed Florence Reed and Malcolm Williams and their supporting Players at the Park this week, follow them to the Shenandoah next week. The play is "The Yellow Ticket." In Miss Reed and Malcolm Williams you get real old-time fervency, force and style in acting. They reach out into the theater and get you right up into the play. The co-stars are quite overwhelming in their effects.

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The Junior League, a group of girls and matrons of the fashionable set organized for useful work among the sick poor of St. Louis, will give three benefit performances of a new pantomime musical comedy, "Love in a Toyshop," at the Victoria Theater, March 3

and 4, to raise a fund for establishing free lunch-rooms in the factory districts. The play moves from marionette pantomimery to musical comedy, with dances and gay gowns. Mrs. John H. Holliday is chairman of the committee of arrangements. Miss Grace Gerish is stage manager. Junior League officers are: Miss Katherine Semple, president; Miss Mary Crunden, vice-president; Miss Frances Reid Jones, secretary, and Miss Helen Wood, treasurer.

❖❖❖

Frieda Hempel, coloratura prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will give a recital at the Odeon next Monday evening.

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Mr. Harrison Williams of St. Louis will play a complete Debussy programme for piano at the Artists' Guild at 4 p. m. Saturday, February 26th.

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Monday next will be Donation Day in St. Louis. The fund is for the Provident Association, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and the Federation of Jewish Charities. They need \$75,000 for their work. Don't forget to drop a contribution, large or small, in the collection boxes that will be found in the street cars, the hotels, the public buildings, the big stores, the skyscrapers. "Come across!" It's for the sick poor.

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Next Sunday's "Pop"

The overture to Humperdinck's fairy-tale opera, "Hansel and Gretel," will open the programme at the Symphony Orchestra's "Pop" next Sunday afternoon. In contrast with this number from what Siegfried Wagner called the most important opera since "Parsifal," will be Liadow's "Baba Jaga," the Russian Witch. Other numbers include Liszt's No. 1 Concerto for Piano in E flat, the four numbers played without pause; a serenade of Widor's, a violin solo by Mr. Olk and a 'cello solo by Mr. Pleier; the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" and Komzak's waltz, "Bad'ner Mad'ln." The Liszt concerto will be played by Miss Elsie Stricker, a young St. Louis pianist who has received all her training here.

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Preparedness

Brother Simmons was a brand newly snatched from the burning. Until the momentous night when he "got religion" he had been a successful professional gambler among his people of the Afro-American tribe. "After de sarmin t'mor' night, Brudder Simmons," said old Deacon Whang, "we all is gwine to have a rousin' hozanner meetin' and burn up yo' par'phnalial, bless de Lawd!" "Burn up which?" returned Brother Simmons in some astonishment. "Yo' gamblin' outfit. When a spo'tin' man gits converted and washed whiter dan snow, dey allus burns up his kyahds and dice and sich scan'lous stuff as dat, midst loud shouts o' praise. De Lawd is wid 'em, and de gamblin' brudder steps fo'th and flings his par'phnalial on de fiah and stands wid bowed head whilst—" "Not me! I aint

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gwine to do no sich-uh thing!" "But, muh goodness, brudder, yo' am converted, isn't yo', and—" "Yassahr! I's sho' converted, but dat don't make me a blame fool! I mought backslide and need dat stuff!"

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A New Disease

In one of the little mountain towns of the South a Chautauqua meeting was held last summer for the first time. The fact was advertised for some distance round the town, but the older negroes especially did not understand what it was all about. Across the front of the little hotel of the village was flung a yellow banner bearing the one word, "Chautauqua." Up to this hotel one day drove an old negro in a one-horse wagon containing a few vegetables, which he hoped to sell to the proprietor, as he had done on former occasions. But when he saw the banner with its ominous word he was seized with fright and would not go into the building, or even get out of his wagon. When the proprietor appeared, the old fellow inquired nervously, "Whut disease is you-all quarantined foh, boss?"

Conscious Innocence

Over in Nevada, in one of the mining towns, there is a church that has an excellent young pastor, but the attendance is, unfortunately, small. Among the parishioners there is a beautiful young widow. One evening, just as the little widow was about to leave the edifice, she was addressed by the deacon. "Good evening, sister!" he cordially remarked, with the usual handshake. "How did you like the sermon this evening?" "I think that it was just too perfectly lovely for anything!" was the enthusiastic reply of the widow. "It was, indeed!" heartily returned the deacon. "I only wish that larger congregations would come to hear him." "So do I," declared the pretty little widow. "The congregation was so small to-night that every time the parson said 'dearly beloved,' I positively blushed."

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"What is your dog's pedigree?" "He hasn't any," replied Mr. Growcher. "That's why I keep him around. I'm shy on distinguished ancestry myself, and I enjoy having a creature at hand whom I can contemplate with supercilious superiority."—*Washington Star*.

Marts and Money

The Wall Street situation doesn't show any material changes. While quotations denote additional declines of a point or two in quite a number of active instances, the character of business remains the same—indifferent and highly professional. The daily totals of transfers represent only about one-third of the top records of last autumn. There's a good deal of prattle about the impendency of another sensational upward movement, preparatory methods on the part of the "big interests," and other things of that sort, but the public continues apathetic. It fails to enthuse even when confronted with splendid statements of industrial and railroad earnings and with London and Paris cables intimating a slight turn in favor of the *Entente* powers as regards the great war. What might be the real trouble? ask inquisitive onlookers. Why do prices refuse to respond in the proper ways to the fine run of news?

Hard questions, seemingly, for the doctors of finance and speculation. In all probability, things would change quickly in the manner ardently desired by brokers and professional optimists if the many millions of dollars tied up in long commitments at the wonderful prices of last year's "boom" could be released without serious harm to the existing state of affairs. Some of the leading brokerage establishments report the greatest amounts of loans in many years, and it would, therefore, be quite impossible for them to play a conspicuous role in another "bull" campaign. Note should be taken also, in this connection, of the addition of several hundred million dollars to the aggregate loans of the New York Clearing House banks and trust companies in the past four or five months.

The daily consultations in exalted financial quarters would, perhaps, be fruitful of beneficial results if J. Pierpont Morgan had not hied himself to London. According to the cynics of the "Street," he made his escape at the right time. For shortly after his departure, which was rather sudden, the investigation into subway contracts brought forth a series of startling disclosures about low-down finance, purchases at fabulous prices of rotten properties, secret conferences and dickerings, and that kind of lawyers' fees (\$800,000) for which a former St. Louis politician invented a new and veritistic synonym. Too bad that all these revelations should have come in days of a lovely conjuncture on the Stock Exchange, and with the vernal sap rising in the trees of Central Park. Alackaday! Regarded from the strictly material and pragmatic standpoint, they are especially to be deplored because very likely to lend fresh impetus to the movement for civic reform and righteousness throughout the nation. The shares of the Interborough Consolidated Corporation have depreciated a number of points in consequence of the shocking developments. The Interborough-Metropolitan 4½s are quoted at 75; they were worth 79½ some time ago. Prudent owners of securities are keenly sensitive, nowadays, to scandalous disclosures likely to hurt the intrinsic values of their possessions. They

fully realize that, under prevailing and prospective conditions, the financial credit of an individual, firm or corporation is largely dependent upon reputation for moral rectitude. The antique apothegm that "honesty is the best policy" is demonstrating its inherent truth; also its material merits. It is more honored in the observance than in the breach these days.

Not much heed is given, in the environs of the Exchange, to the diplomatic controversies between the Washington and the German authorities, though the representatives of the Associated Press insist that possibility of grave events exerts untoward influences upon quotations. Wall Street's complacent attitude would indicate that the danger of a breach in our relations with Germany has long since been drawn into the financial reckoning, and that an acute break in values could be looked for solely in case the tension were to result in actual hostilities.

The prices of shares representing Canadian railroad, industrial and mining properties were sharply affected, the other day, by the Finance Minister's recommendation that nearly all companies engaged in business in Canada be taxed to the extent of one-fourth of net earnings in excess of 7 per cent on capitalization. Canadian Pacific certificates, which sold at 194 on November 1, 1915, are currently quoted at 167. A considerable decline occurred also in the price of the stock of the Dome Mines Co., operating in the Porcupine district of Ontario. With the financial burdens of the war constantly increasing, all belligerent governments are compelled to devise new ways of taxation every few months, all the more so because they are fast approaching the limit of their borrowing capacities. Great Britain is preparing for another huge loan of over \$2,000,000,000. Borrowings of similar magnitude are imminent in France and Germany. Sir Asquith, England's Premier, declared, a few days ago, that the financial power of the nation is about to undergo a tremendous strain, and that the consequences will be felt for at least a generation.

At the late meeting of the London and Liverpool Bank of Commerce, Lord Ritchie discussed the question, "Will London cease to be the banker of the world?" In his opinion, it all will depend upon the duration of the conflict. Commenting on the financier's remarks, the *London Daily Mail* made the following observations: "London became the banker of the world because of its magic wealth and its financial facilities, and because it is the capital of a country which is so rich that it is in a position to lend. This is being altered by the war, and the United States seems to be assuming the premier position; but, although bankers are discussing the possibility of the loss of our position, it is not yet lost by any means."

In my personal judgment, a transference of financial supremacy to this side of the Atlantic should be regarded as inevitable. It is forcibly presaged, not only by the stupendous cost of the war and the concomitant destruction of the wealth of the nations participant therein, but also by the marvelous finan-

cial and industrial advancement in the United States, as reflected, in part, in the unprecedented abundance of surplus funds, the enormous trade balances in our favor, the repurchasing by us of more than \$1,000,000,000 of our own securities, the simultaneous advances of \$1,200,000,000 to various foreign countries, and the low rates for exchange on London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna and Petrograd.

Already our foreign trade exceeds that of Great Britain, hitherto the foremost commercial nation of the world. The total of our imports and exports during December was \$531,142,939. For the same month, England's total is put at \$525,000,000. The growing popularity of dollar exchange in Central and South America and some Asiatic countries constitutes another significant sign of the times.

The German Government's attempt to regulate in remedial ways the quotations for bills on Berlin in New York and other foreign centers has not been much of a success thus far. The ruling quotation for four reichsmarks is 74¼, or only about a point above the recent absolute minimum. Two weeks ago, the rate was up to 76½ cents. Arbitrary efforts of this kind cannot reasonably be expected to lead to satisfactory results. They must be supported by adequate commercial relations with other countries, or ability or opportunity to cover adverse trade balances with exports of gold. Since August 1, 1914, Germany has severely been hampered in these respects, and substantial improvement in its position cannot be expected in the measurable future.

Bank clearings in the United States still are strikingly in excess of the corresponding records of last year. Thus far in February, the difference amounts to about 35 per cent. Improvement is reported practically from every leading city. The favorable meaning of these facts is further enhanced by the report that on February 1 the total number of idle freight cars was 21,485, or the smallest in four years. On February 1, 1915, the record was 276,000 cars.

On top of all this, comes the report that the net earnings of the United States Steel Corporation for the first quarter of 1916 will be not less than \$60,000,000, or the greatest on record. This would help explain why the corporation has relieved foreign bankers

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Finance in St. Louis.

Trading on the local Bourse is of the reassuring sort. It suggests better demand for investment account, decreasing pressure to liquidate old holdings, and a gradual revival of the speculative spirit. Brokers report the best conditions in several years, and feel confident that the spell of prosperity should continue many months longer. The inquiry for first-class securities is sufficiently large to necessitate frequent replenishment of available supplies. This can be said particularly with respect to municipal bonds, the superior investment merits of which are put in bold relief by Rudyard Kipling's "funny financing" on the other side of the Atlantic.

The past week witnessed interesting activity in the stock of the Union Sand & Material Co. One hundred and twenty shares were disposed of at 72.50 and 72.62½; two weeks ago, purchases could be made at 68.75 and 69. There was a long string of sales of Independent Breweries first preferred at 11 and 11.25; the 6 per cent bonds were taken at 54.87½ and 55. The turnover was only about 25 per cent of the previous week's record. One hundred and thirty shares of Wagner Electric were transferred at 201 and 201.50, denoting an improvement of a full point. Seventy-five International Shoe common were taken at 93 and 93.50; fifteen hundred Granite-Bimetallic at 63¾ and 65 cents; twenty National Candy second preferred at 80; one hundred of the common at 6.75 and 7; five Laclede Gas preferred at 95; \$1,000 Kinloch Long Distance Telephone 5s at 95.50.

United Railways issues were not prominent in the dealings. Most of the sales of the 4 per cent bonds were effected at 62.50 and 62.75, indicating a little additional depreciation. Some weeks ago, sales were made at 64.50. Seven thousand East St. Louis & Suburban 5s were taken at 90 and 90.12½, unchanged figures.

Prices for shares of banking institutions held firm in every leading instance. Twenty-six St. Louis Union Trust were marketed at 385, a new high notch for the present upward movement; seven Merchants-Laclede National at 285; four Mississippi Valley Trust at 295; five Boatmen's Bank at 148, and forty-five Bank of Commerce at 100 and 100.50. The latter price implies an advance of a half point. Further improvement in the quoted values of prominent shares of this category would seem inevitable, in view of the progressive betterment in financial, commercial and industrial affairs in city and surrounding territory. In this connection, it should be borne in mind that desirable dividend-paying stocks of banks and trust companies invariably sell on lower investment bases than the approved varieties of industrial and railroad certificates. But there are big speculative profits obtainable on them if purchases are made in periods of depression.

The annual report of the National Enameling & Stamping Co., operating on the eastern side of the Mississippi, shows gross profits of \$1,936,620, against \$1,532,388 for 1914; a surplus, after interest charges, of \$1,066,242, against \$695,257; a common dividend surplus, after payment of the 7 per cent on the preferred, of \$467,980, against \$96,995, and a final surplus of \$315,480, against a deficit of \$49,505. The percentage earned on the \$15,591,800 common was 3.01. A few months ago, the stock was valued at 36½; the present quotation is 26. About a year ago, the stock could be bought at 9½. Nothing has been paid on it since 1905, when 1½ per cent was declared.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	142½	150
Mechanics-Am. National.....		259
Natl. Bank of Com.....	100	100¾
State National Bank.....	195	
Mississippi Valley Trust.....	295	297
United Railways com.....	5¼	6
do pfd.	19½	
do 4s	63¼	63¾
St. L. & Sub. 1st 5s.....	100	
do gen. 5s.....	73½	73¾
Cass Ave. & F. G. 4½s.....	97	97½
Compton Heights 5s.....	100	
St. L. & Mer. River 6s.....	100¾	
Union Depot 6s.....	102¼	
Laclede Gas pfd.....	95¾	
do 1st 5s.....	101¾	102
Kinloch L. D. Tel. stock	131	
K. C. Home Tel. 5s \$1000	91¾	91¾
do 5s (\$500)	93½	
K. C. L. D. Tel. 5s.....	89	
Missouri Edison 5s.....	100	101
Am. Credit Indemnity.....	105	
Union Sand & Material.....	72¾	73
Ely & Walker com.....		110
do 2d pfd.		80
International Shoe pfd.....		110¾
Marx & Haas pfd.....	100	101

Central Coal & Coke com.	73½	
do pfd.	79¾	
Granite-Bimetallic	62½	65
Adams Mining	60	
Hamilton-Brown		100
Independent Brew. Assn.	53½	
do 1st pfd.....	11	
National Candy com.....	62	
do 1st pfd.....	97½	
do 2d pfd.	78½	79
Chicago Ry. Equipment.....	86	
Wagner Electric.....	204½	206
Merchants' Terminal 5s.....	100	
Missouri Electric Lt. 6s.....	104½	105
Miss. R. & Bonne T. 5s.....	99	99½
City of St. L. 4s (1928).....	101	101½
do (1929)	101	101½
do (1931)	101	101½

Answers to Inquiries.

Stockholder, St. Louis.—National Candy second preferred is somewhat speculative, there being more or less doubt as to dividend prospects. The first preferred is a commendable purchase, however. The current prices for these shares,—80.25 and 98, respectively—are a few points above the low notches of 1915.

Regular Subscriber, Alton, Ill.—Bankers supposed to be well informed do not expect a default in the March interest on Rock Island refunding 4s. Would not advise liquidation at prevailing low figures. The financial position of the property is much better than the controlling crowd would have us believe or the existing value for the stock would indicate.

Tactics

Two youngsters, one the possessor of a permit, were fishing on a certain estate when a gamekeeper suddenly darted from a thicket. The lad with the permit uttered a cry of fright, dropped his rod, and ran off at top speed. The gamekeeper was led a swift chase. Then, worn out, the boy halted. The man seized him by the arm and said between pants: "Have you a permit to fish on this estate?" "Yes, to be sure," said the boy quietly. "You have? Then show it to me." The boy drew the permit from his pocket. The man examined it and frowned in perplexity and anger. "Why did you run when you had this permit?" he asked. "To let the other boy get away," was the reply. "He didn't have none."

Young Man (dining with his girl)—Waitress, may we have a spoon here? Waitress—Why, yes, sir; go ahead, if you don't mind people around.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Briggs must be dreadfully extravagant. He never seems to have a cent."

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Starting Next Sunday Matinee
11 a. m. till 11 p. m.

The Griffith feature will be De Wolf Hopper in

"Don Quixote" of Cervantes

Two Keystone Features will be Chester Conkling in "Cinders of Love" and Ford Sterling in "His Pride and Shame"

The Ince production will be "The Last Act," with Bessie Barriscale, Clara Williams and Harry Keenan



Coming Monday, February 28:
"The Chimes of Normandy"

Planquette's famous Masterpiece, Elaborately Revived by The Park Opera Co.

Now Playing, FLORENCE REED and Malcolm Williams, supported by The Players, in
"THE YELLOW TICKET"

SHENANDOAH

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Monday, February 28:

FLORENCE REED

In

"The Yellow Ticket"

With Malcolm Williams and The Players.

Now Playing, The New Folly Revue
"THE WHIRL OF THE TIMES."

"Tried to borrow from you, did he?" "No, but hang it, I wanted to borrow from him."—*Boston Transcript*.

Hazel—It's always to a man's credit when he stops drinking. Omar—Some-

times it is due to his lack of credit.—*Indianapolis Star*.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

Car Owners' Liability

It is fair to presume that you own a car or you would not be reading this. And as a car-owner you are probably aware of the fact that you cannot possibly avoid getting into trouble of some sort. The trouble is unavoidable and inevitable, though your method of driving and your ambition in the matter of speed makes it necessary for the traffic copper to urge you to get out of the way. Some genial idiot is going to come along one of these days and try to bump you off the earth; an indifferent lady or gentleman will some time, get in front of you and dive under the car; a spark will go wrong and you will have to send for the junk man to get the debris out of the way of traffic. A thousand things may happen which all the care in the world will not avert, though care may defer the evil day.

As a matter of fact, car-owners don't have to go hunting for Old Man Trouble, for he is always on the job. And don't think that you, personally, can get away from him; you may elude him for a time but you can't think for other people—and when a chump goes into court with you, after smashing you up or setting you on fire or getting mixed up with the running gear, he is likely to have as good a case as you have.

Wherefore it is well to provide for contingencies—and this provision is much more important than having the price for the gas supply. You may be able to stand off the gasoline man but you can't get away from the fate that takes you in charge when you acquire a car. The answer to your problem is so ready at hand that you need not turn pessimist and scrap the car to escape the responsibilities of ownership. Hitch your car to a policy and let the other fellow do the worrying.

A policy is just as necessary as a sparking plug. It ditches trouble—just like that. Of course, there are policies and policies; all, perhaps, affording a measure of protection; some specializing as to the kind of protection; some opening up fair possibilities of giving you an argument in court. Therefore, it is up to you to give thought to the sort of policy you are getting and how much you are paying for it.

If you were going to insure your house against fire, you would not buy life insurance any more than you would buy an aviator's policy if you were stoking a submarine. Why, then, go around shopping for automobile insurance among companies that just insure cars incidentally to doing other insurance business? This insuring of automobiles is in a class by itself—a fact that was proved soon after the automobile came

into general use. The general casualty companies were ready to take on the insurance against casualties, but they conducted their business along actuarial lines that were adjusted to the entire line of casualties. It took St. Louis men and St. Louis enterprise to bring into being a company that stood ready, at a minimum of cost, to take over from the automobile owner all responsibility for every sort of impending trouble. You have perhaps heard of the American Automobile Insurance Company, of St. Louis; if not, you had better get acquainted with it.

The company has no other business than auto insurance, but it has plenty of that. Not being handicapped by the necessity for adjusting certain lines of accident to the possibility of loss from an altogether distinct liability, the American Company was able to determine with great exactitude the probabilities of accident to the car or through the car. Having determined this quite absolutely, it was easy enough for the company to provide for a blanket policy covering every aspect of the car owner's risk and to sell that policy at a price that could not well be met. The policy covers every contingency, fire, theft or damage to the car, and injuries caused by the car to other persons or property. The whole range of trouble is covered by the one policy. The company has been vastly successful, not only at home, but in the fifteen States of the Union in which it is doing business. It is the largest exclusive automobile insurance company in the world and the extent of its business is indicated by the fact that the premiums collected last year amounted to \$856,000—an increase of more than fifty per cent over the preceding year. By reason of the economical administration of the business and the satisfactory manner in which the company relieves the car of all liability it is to be assumed that the time is approaching when it will take over practically all of the automobile insurance in its territory. The policy written covers the value of the car in case of its loss and carries the liability of the owner to as high as twenty thousand dollars.

It is easy enough to account for the great success of the company in this city and State, for the names of the men on the advisory board and directorate make an imposing list, including Charles W. Disbrow, president; H. Blakesley Collins, vice-president; S. S. Williams, secretary-treasurer; A. L. Shapleigh, W. K. Stanard, Joseph R. Barroll, Roy F. Britton, Paul Brown, P. Taylor Bryan, Daniel K. Catlin, Samuel C. Davis, John H. Douglass, Henry Ittleson, Isaac H. Orr and Lawrence B. Pierce, who is chairman of the board.

That is an array of names to conjure with in this territory, but the fact that the company has gone into nearly half the States in the Union and has been greatly successful, is the best possible evidence of the soundness of its methods. Hence, if you have not already got a policy in the American, it would be the part of discretion to end the possibility of loss or trouble by getting into touch with the people at the general offices in the Pierce building.



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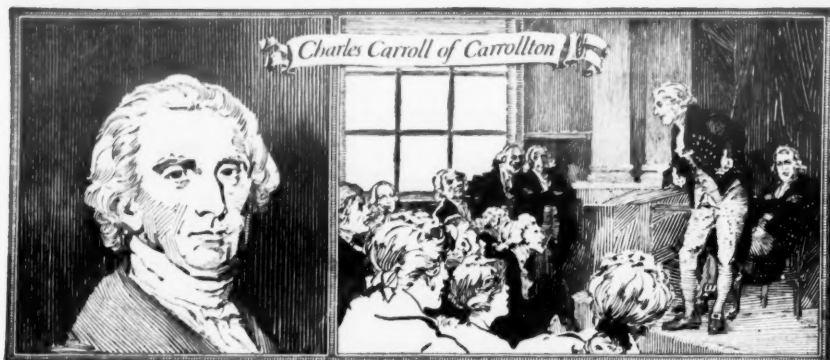
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HISTORY proves, to their eternal honor, that the Catholics were the first in America to advocate the Freedom of all sects to worship at any shrine they chose to bend a knee. Of all the cavaliers of Maryland, none were more noble and none adored Liberty more than Charles Carroll, who, with his kinsman, Archbishop John Carroll, strove for the hereditary rights of mankind to practice Civil and Religious Liberty. Carroll was one of the richest and most learned men in the Colonies and when he proudly affixed his name to our immortal Declaration of Independence he courted the confiscation of his vast estates. A bystander facetiously remarked, as he did so, "There goes a few millions." He was elected to the National Convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, but illness forbade his attendance. His cousin, though, Daniel Carroll, signed our National Law, which forever guarantees to Americans Civil, Religious and Personal Liberty.

Carroll's manners were easy, affable and graceful; in all the elegancies of polite society few men were his superiors. His hospitality was nothing short of royal and he was a lifetime user of light wines and barley brews. He died in his 95th year, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was looked upon with reverential regard by rich and poor alike. Fifty-eight years ago Anheuser-Busch launched their great institution and have always brewed honest beers—the kind the illustrious Carroll loved to quaff. Day by day their famous brews have grown in popular favor, until 7500 people are constantly required to keep pace with the public demand. Their great brand BUDWEISER, because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sales of all other beers by millions of bottles.

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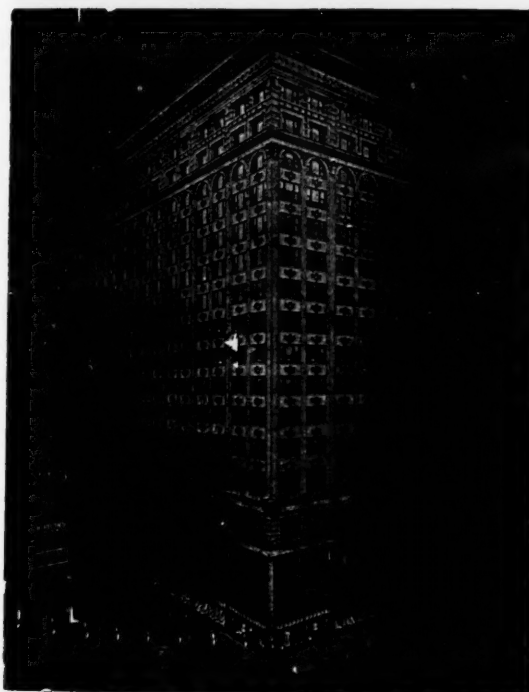
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